HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXX.—No. 1552.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.
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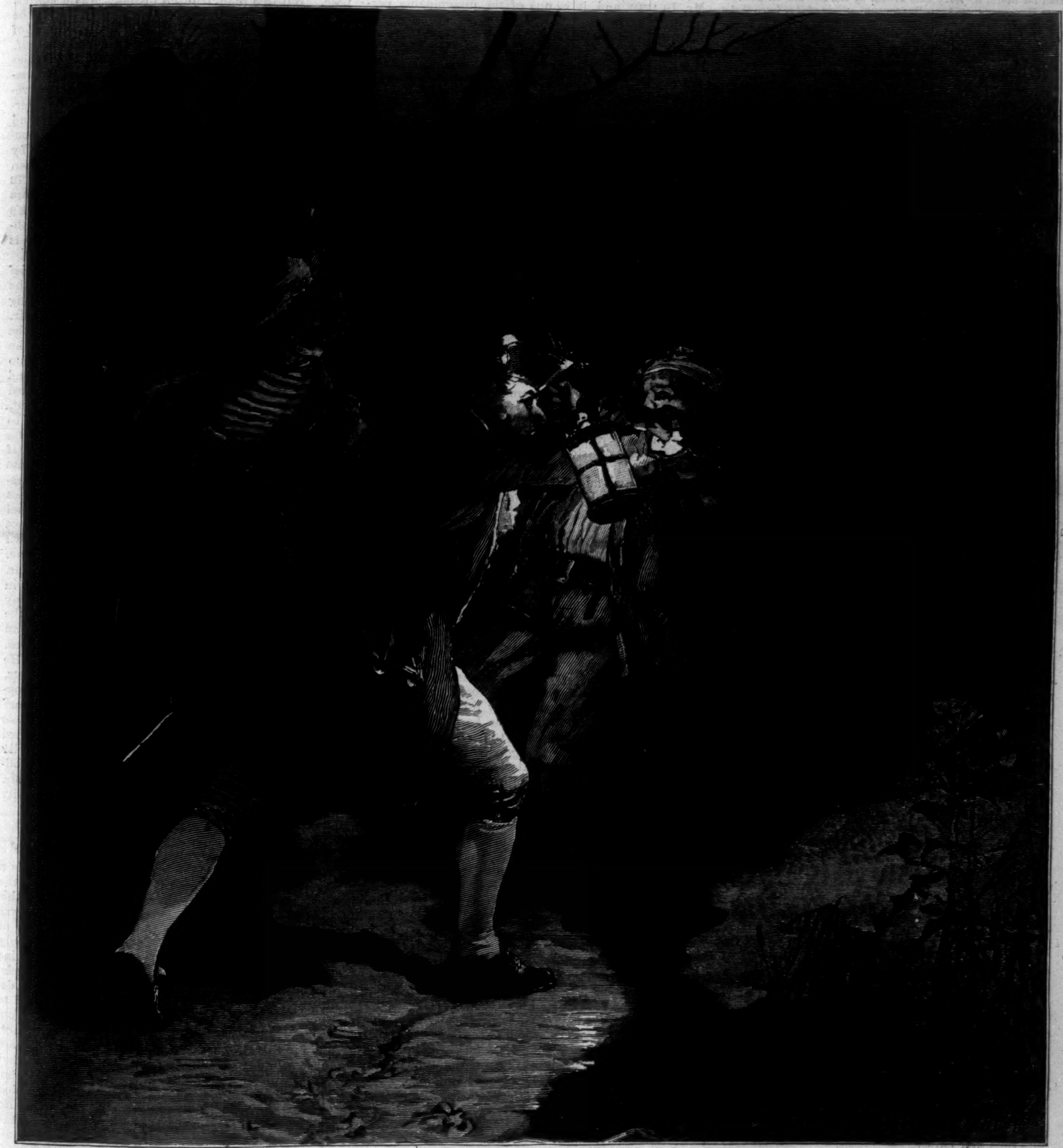

"JACK SPRANG UPON THE FELLOW, AND CAUGHT HIM BY THE THROAT."

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN BUTCHER ROW.

"AARON," Mr. Westmoreland said, "is a cruel and revengeful man."

Afterward I remembered these words. For my own part I did not understand this judgment, though I had known Aaron all my life, first as a great hulking boy, and then as the strongest and biggest man in Deptford. On what grounds did Mr. Westmoreland consider him cruel and revengeful? The judgments of weak and timid men, like those of women, are shrewd and often true. Yet Aaron had done nothing of which the world knew on account of which he could be called cruel and revengeful. Masterful and headstrong he was, and the world accounted him a brave man, but not revengeful. The present moment, however, was likely to bring out whatever evil passions lay in his soul, for he had been publicly humiliated and brought to shame by the man who had taken from him the woman he loved; and when he met his friends in the street they seemed to be laughing in their sleeves at him. Therefore Aaron conceived an act of revenge which was as audacious as it was villanous. If he was revengeful, it must be admitted that he was also bold.

He first showed his teeth on the Monday morning after the fight at Horn Fair. Bess was engaged in making a beefsteak pudding for dinner, her sleeves rolled up, singing over her work. Her father sat at his desk before the window bent over his work, with round spectacles on nose, undisturbed by his daughter's singing. A sudden diminution of the light caused both to look up. Aaron Fletcher's great body was blocking up the doorway.

"Bess," he said, roughly, "come out to me."

[*Continued on page 602.*]

"This periodical offers a rare collection of valuable and instructive reading, with choice illustrations, and many matters of various interest for old and young."—*New York Observer.*

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.
A FAIRY TALE.
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(E. H. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN),
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1886.

INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post* advises the Independent voters of 1884 to accept the invitation of the Connecticut Democratic Committee and "act with the Democracy in party organization." But why? Does the correspondent suppose that the Democratic party represents either the spirit or the purpose of the Independent movement of '84? Does he find in the conduct of its majority in Congress, or in the attitude of its leaders and managers toward President CLEVELAND, proof of its desire of sound legislation and of its ability for wise government? The correspondent's frank reproof of the Independent voters who supported Mr. DAVENPORT as against Governor HILL shows how radically his view of the situation differs from that of the great body of such voters. He thinks that if the President had called Mugwumps to office, and if the Democratic leaders had welcomed them as none the less Democrats although they had always opposed the Democratic party, an irresistible Administration party would have arisen. But the correspondent does not appear to see that the reason why the Democratic leaders did not take this course is one of the reasons why Independent voters cannot do what he suggests, and why, if the President had treated them as Democrats, the Democratic hostility to him would be even stronger than it is.

The Democratic leaders offered no welcome because they had no sympathy with the Independent spirit and purpose. They supported Mr. CLEVELAND as the regular Democratic candidate, who, as President, would give them patronage and place. The Independents supported him as an honest man, whose election would be a signal rebuke of the forces that had prevailed in the Republican nomination, and as a courageous public officer of sound general views upon pending questions and pledged to administrative reform. The correspondent is mistaken, we think, in supposing that the Republican Mugwumps—and they were the great body of the Independent voters—felt that their connection with the Republican party was finally dissolved. Some of them undoubtedly were of that opinion, and the great multitude of them have seen with profound regret the course of the Republican managers since the defeat of '84, and they have seen also the increasing probability of a reorganization of parties. But there are very few indeed who have exchanged one party for the other, or have accepted the Democratic party as a more promising agent than the Republican of their own purposes and principles. The argument of the correspondent seems to be that the Independents cannot remain a mere unattached body, voting for candidates solely upon grounds of personal character and ability, without regard to public policies. In order to take an effective part in affairs they must join some party, and since they cannot act with the Republicans, they must merge themselves in the Democratic party. This, however, is only to say that if one horse kicks and the other balks, you must decide which fault you prefer. But if one horse kicks and the other balks, the better way is to walk until you find a sound animal.

The correspondent forgets that the chief reason for the appearance at this time of an enormous body of Independent voters is that the parties have ceased largely to be parties. That is to say, they represent no distinctive principles or policies. This is plainly, therefore, the most inopportune moment for an Independent voter suddenly to become a partisan. It is by maintaining his independent attitude that he hastens the reconstruction which will once more give us real parties. The absorption of the Independent vote by the Democratic party, even if it could be accomplished, might give that party momentum, but it would not change its direction. The Independent accession would not make it a tariff reform party, or a civil service reform party, or a party of sound financial policy. If the Independents by open adhesion and identification could sway either party to their will, it would be the Republican, in which there is much the larger sympathy with Independent views and methods. The folly of joining the Democratic party is shown by the fact that it is not clear that it will renominate Mr. CLEVELAND, certainly not that such a junction would assure his nomination, and that there is scarcely another prominent Democrat to be named whom the Independent voters would support. In no event, of course, would they support Mr. BLAINE, and it is one of the unavoidable perplexities of the situation that in the event of Mr. BLAINE'S nomination they would vote as before for Mr. CLEVELAND and not for his party. It is only under extraordinary circumstances, when parties are not representative and politics are largely personal, as now, that there is a large Independent vote. But for that reason it is altogether desirable that the power of that vote in affecting party action and securing good nominations should not be lost. Both parties, whatever they may say, will feel the moral influence of the Independent vote in making their nominations.

CHARLESTON.

THE inhabitants of Charleston may well look upon it as a doomed city. War, fire, storm, and earthquake have successively beaten upon it, and have sternly tested the courage and character of its people. But they have responded by increasing prosperity. They have manfully extended the means and the scope of their schools, and they have driven a more thriving trade. Doubtless the social changes of the city have been immense, for no community was ever exposed to more radical reverses in a shorter time. The revolution has been complete. But the acceptance of it has been conclusive, and without hopeless repining or apathy the city has addressed itself to its own recuperation.

The recent disaster, therefore, is the more touching and impressive, both in itself and in its consequences. The local awe and apprehension which attend ruin by an earthquake are enduring, but the feeling of national sympathy which this catastrophe has invoked, and the changed aspect of the situation from that of a few years since, are striking historical facts. It is without precedent that the feeling of millions of people, exasperated by fierce and prolonged civil war, and long estranged previously by the most angry difference of opinion, should change to mutual amity and respect. There is undoubtedly much individual survival of former alienation, and a certain tradition of animosity will still linger in fanciful minds. There can be no sudden sentimental reunion of long-dissevered convictions and hereditary hostility. But the wars of the roses, the civil wars in France and Germany, knew no such healing as has followed our war, and the hand and heart of the whole land, now opened to Charleston, testify a sincerity of sympathy and good-will in which much of that lingering individual distrust will disappear.

This is one of the ways in which time disposes of angry differences. From the desolate fields of unsuccessful battle it was impossible for the soldiers of a lost cause to forecast a friendly future. But the unforeseen and natural changes of time offer new opportunities. Calamity, also, as now, is a veiled angel, and shows Charleston that New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Cincinnati and Chicago and San Francisco, and all the fraternity of cities and towns which were yesterday arrayed in such unanimous and unyielding hostility, cherish to-day no feeling but that of hearty friendship. It is by such use of such opportunities, and not by acts of Congress, that the Union is renewed with a vigor which it never knew. When we say that time heals all, we mean unconsciously just what we see now, and it is possible practically to cultivate and develop the spirit which has instantly responded to the tragical blow which has fallen upon Charleston, without surrendering any national gain or renouncing any patriotic or humane principle.

MAINE.

THE result of the Maine election will be known when this paper is issued. As in Vermont, where there was no "campaign," Mr. EDMUNDS was the central figure, so in Maine the chief figure has been Mr. BLAINE. The general political situation is one of profound calm. There are no great questions imminent. The State of Maine is generally Republican. There was, in fact, no apparent reason for a rousing campaign. But it was early announced that Mr. BLAINE would take the lead, and that eminent orators from other States would appeal to the people. All this meant but one thing. Maine, as the State of Mr. BLAINE, a candidate for the Republican nomination in '88, must be made to appear more strongly Republican than ever, to give him "a good send-off." This is transparent, but it is fair politics, and although the whole enterprise was endangered by Senator FRYE'S remarkable allusion to "the little bit of a smirch on the skirt of Mr. BLAINE," yet the plan was carried out. Mr. BLAINE led the host of speakers, and gave what he thought was the best cue for the party. He took the most conspicuous and vigorous part; and yet we are inclined to think, whatever may be the result of the vote, that he has not strengthened himself as a Presidential candidate.

His chief object evidently has been to force protection forward as the great issue of '88. His remarks directly upon the question, and the use he made of the labor question, with the subordination at the outset of all other questions, plainly revealed this purpose. But this plan, if not a mistake, was a confession. It was the declaration that this was, upon the whole, the best Republican "hold." Now, in point of fact, protection, however important an issue in itself, is not felt to be a burning question, and the parties do not really divide upon it. A Presidential campaign is always fought upon actual and not upon remote or possible issues. Despite Mr. BLAINE'S assertions that Democratic success means free-trade and pauper wages, the country has seen Democratic success, and has seen also that it was not followed by radical changes in the tariff or by lower wages than under Republican administration. As Mr. GLADSTONE says of the Irish question as it was two or three years ago, protection is not yet a ripe issue, and Mr. BLAINE'S insistence upon it was a confession that the Republican position upon other and more pressing points is not so harmonious or satisfactory.

This was demonstrated by the course of the brief campaign. While Senator FRYE was talking of the little smirch upon Mr. BLAINE, and then explaining that he did not mean a little smirch, and while Mr. BLAINE himself was insisting upon protection, the Prohibitionists burst upon the field, and forced the fighting upon temperance. They left Mr. BLAINE no alternative. He was obliged to repeat and defend his amazing proposition that taxes ought to be raised upon liquor, not for the support of the government, but to be distributed among the States; and also to confess that he held, as in 1884, that prohibition is a local and not a national issue. But this, even if true, is obviously no answer or argument for those who believe that prohibition is the paramount question before the country, and who therefore cannot support a party which denies that it is a national issue. Mr. BLAINE reproached NEAL DOW for not supporting the Republican party, which, by his own admission, was a Prohibition party, at least in Maine. But NEAL DOW could justly answer that by Mr. BLAINE'S own argument it might be a liquor party in New York, and this is a situation intolerable to any earnest Prohibitionist. Whatever the result of the election, Mr. BLAINE'S campaign was based upon an error, and for his own fortunes it has miscarried. He does not emerge a stronger candidate for '88. He has not gained either Mugwumps or Prohibitionists, who embrace the great body of Republicans who opposed him, and he has certainly not satisfied "labor" that the depression of industries, and consequent loss of employment, with the low wages which occurred under Republican administration, will be necessarily remedied by Republican success. No other Republican candidate has so numerous a following as Mr. BLAINE, but it is plain that doubt of his availability in 1888 is rapidly spreading among Republicans.

VERMONT.

VERMONT is a Republican State, as Alabama is a Democratic State. There is never any doubt of the result of an election in either. But the question this year in Vermont was an extraordinary one. It was nothing less than whether the Republican leader of the Senate is a sound Republican. Yet the only charge against him was not infidelity to any doctrine known as a Republican principle, nor want of adequate ability or experience, nor was it any moral defect or delinquency, but merely that he declined to express confidence in the fitness of a candidate whom he believed to be unfit. This was his sole offence, and for this he was arraigned by those who claimed to be sounder Republicans for the reason that they would vote for any candidate who should be regularly nominated. This pitiful and contemptible doctrine was, of course, repudiated by the Vermont Republicans. If Mr. EDMUNDS could have been defeated for any such reason, the name Republican would have been utterly disgraced.

When Mr. BLAINE was defeated in 1884, the feeling of many Republicans against all Republicans who had not warmly supported him was intensely bitter, and it remains so. It was scarcely less bitter against those who could not approve the nomination, but who acquiesced in it in the same way that Mr. CONKLING when a Senator was said to have acquiesced in the confirmation of an opponent. The hostility of the BLAINE faction to Mr. EDMUNDS was not concealed. But Mr. EDMUNDS had done only what every self-respecting man would do under the same circumstances. He reproached nobody. He hoped that his party would succeed. He voted for the Republican electors. He did everything but say what he did not think—that Mr. BLAINE was a proper candidate. Mr. EDMUNDS is an honorable man, and the alternative at the polls was disagreeable. But he thought that the election even of Mr. BLAINE was better upon the whole than the election of Mr. CLEVELAND, and he voted accordingly. A month after the election he wrote the following letter, which has been recently published, explaining his position:

> "UNITED STATES SENATE,
> "WASHINGTON, D. C., *December* 3, 1884.
>
> "DEAR SIR,—I have yours of the 25th ult. The courtesy of its tone, I think, entitles it to reply. The newspaper reports of my 'complaisancy' at the defeat of our ticket are entirely false. I have never hinted, said, or thought such a thing. If I could have looked with satisfaction on Democratic victory, I should have voted that way, for I believe it is the duty of every honest citizen to vote for the side he wishes to win. I wished the Republican party to succeed at the election, and said so and voted so. As a public speaker I could not say that I believed certain things that I did not believe, but General HAWLEY had beliefs that I had not, and so he could honestly say so. Now neither you nor any other upright Republican could wish me to stand up in the presence of our countrymen and there tell a falsehood or prevaricate in aid of any cause, however good.
>
> "I am thankful that the Power which rules the world gave me sufficient moral courage to resist the temptation to undertake to make speeches in which I would have to speak falsely or dissimulate on certain important points in order to have my remarks useful to our side. I am grateful to you and others for your former good opinion, and am sure I have not desired to lose it.
>
> "Respectfully yours, GEORGE F. EDMUNDS."

The difference between Mr. EDMUNDS and his Republican opponents appears to be that they did wish him to stand up and tell a falsehood or prevaricate in aid of the cause, and he did not choose to do it. The difference is important. It is because those who wished him to do this, or who thought him an unsound Republican because he had an ill opinion of Mr. BLAINE, have largely the control of the party, and assume to be the true Republicans, that the party is under a cloud. No amount of fervent devotion to a party as a party, without regard to character or principle, can save a party whose strength and life have always lain in character and principle. The Democratic sneer at the Republican party as a party of moral ideas was a joke at its real strength. But a Republican party which makes deals with Democrats for patronage and plunder, and which truckles to the saloon interest while it sneers at such independence as that of Mr. EDMUNDS as Phariseeism and hypocrisy, is not a party which can long retain the sympathy and support of the convictions and character from which the Republican party sprang. The Republican victory in Vermont is a signal rebuke of the tendency which would be fatal to the Republican party.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Republican Anti-saloon Convention declared itself "proud to acknowledge allegiance" to the Republican party, and demanded that when in power it should adopt measures for the restriction, and at the earliest possible moment for the prohibition, of the liquor traffic. The members pledged themselves as Republicans to induce the party to declare for the adoption of a constitutional amendment outlawing the saloon and prohibiting the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. The Convention also declared that no reform has ever been accomplished by a third party as against "the two great established parties."

This last means that the objects of temperance men can be obtained only by the Republican party. But with the Republican Presidential candidate of '84 declaring in Maine that temperance is a State issue, and with the Republican Legislature of New York passing laws "to give Republican saloon-keepers the protection to which they are entitled," such a declaration will not satisfy men who believe with the signers of the call for the Anti-saloon Convention that the temperance question is the most important question before the country.

The resolute antislavery men of forty years ago were not content to leave the question of the restriction of slavery to one of "the two great established parties." They formed a third party "for that purpose." They did not "combine with others." They compelled others to combine with them. They were not Whigs or Democrats first, and then antislavery men. And if the temperance men are first of all Republicans, whether the Republican is or is not an anti-saloon party, they will move toward their end just as fast as the party moves, and no faster. But it is not those who engage to support any course which a party may choose who compel a party to take the course which they themselves choose.

MR. FRYE'S REMARKS.

A FORTNIGHT after the report of Senator FRYE's speech was published, in which he speaks of the smirch upon Mr. BLAINE's skirt, the Senator denies that he said it, and insists that he spoke of him in the highest terms, and compared him to Mr. GLADSTONE. He does not deny that he warned his hearers to suspect men who boasted of their superior honesty, and he is reported to have ended his remarks upon the point by saying:

> "Now the people of this country, with an exquisite fidelity to the best interests of the nation, saw the little bit of a smirch on the skirt of Mr. BLAINE's coat, and therefore voted that Mr. CLEVELAND, a man who was smirched from head to foot, should be President."

The Springfield *Republican* very pertinently asks whether Mr. FRYE disclaims the reference to Mr. CLEVELAND. If not, and he did say this, but nothing of spots and smirches upon Mr. BLAINE, what was the pertinence of the remark? The report was printed in a paper especially friendly to Mr. BLAINE, and since Mr. FRYE denies its accuracy, such a very remarkable invention of the reporter must put all readers of speeches reported in the *Journal* upon their guard. Henceforth it will be impossible to know what Mr. FRYE really said until he has had time to read the report.

"FILL HIGH THE CUP!"

THE *America's* cup still stays in America, and the result of the races is, of course, very gratifying to Americans. Nothing could surpass the courteous good-nature of Lieutenant HENN, of the *Galatea*, and it may be truly said that, next to the *Mayflower*, the American spectators would have preferred to see the *Galatea* win. It is such manly conduct as that of the Englishman which gives a charm to such a contest, and if the *Galatea* has not won the cup, she has won the admiration of her opponents.

The domestic result of the races is another victory for Boston. The theory that the Puritan city is too staid and sober to excel in sport of any kind has now vanished. It was the *Puritan* that began to demolish it last year, and it is the *Mayflower* that has completed the demolition this year. No two happier characteristic names of the original New England could have been devised to point the peaceful victory of modern New England than those of the two successful yachts.

The result, also, is a remarkable triumph of Mr. BURGESS. It is very great praise for an artist to have designed two such vessels as the *Puritan* and the *Mayflower*, and triumphant one year over one English competitor, to have been triumphant the next year over another. It is a result altogether unaccompanied, so far as we know, with any unkind feeling. If only both could have won! But since that was impossible, success could not have been more gracious, nor the want of success more good-natured.

THE PRESIDENT'S ORDER TO OFFICE-HOLDERS.

THE acting Secretary of the Treasury has issued a circular to all the employés of the Treasury—about fourteen thousand persons—calling especial attention to the President's circular prohibiting official interference in political movements. The other heads of departments will issue a similar reminder, and Governor PIERCE, of Dakota, a Republican officer, has issued a circular to Territorial officers, regents, directors of public institutions, etc., in which he cites the President's order, and declares it to be as applicable to Territorial as to Federal officers. This is further evidence of the Executive good faith, and will produce much gnashing of Bourbon teeth. Other Presidents who have issued similar prohibitory orders have been content with the circular, and except in some instances under President HAYES, we think the orders were never enforced by the dismissal of delinquents.

The Democratic organ in Indiana, in condemning the course of Mr. TAYLOR in Tennessee, who resigned a pension agency to stand for the Governorship, and in urging Mr. STOCKLAGER, who has decided to run for Congress in the Third District of Indiana, not to resign his present office for that reason, says in reference to the President's order, "*The Sentinel* is not in favor of that kind of civil service regulation which emasculates the citizenship of the government's employés." The answer to that fine flourish is that the people are not in favor of allowing office-holders by the prestige of their position and by the bribery of patronage and political favor to overbear the honest popular will in conventions and caucuses. We have seen office-holders "voting their men" in conventions as an overseer used to drive his slave-gang, and that is a business which the President and other good citizens propose to "emasculate."

The President has issued his order, and the heads of departments have announced that it means what it says. It remains only to enforce it against the contumacious. One removal expressly announced as made for violation of the order will make a signal advance in practical reform, and will be gladly hailed by the country. It will be time to rescind the order when such abuse of official position has become impracticable.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

AT the annual meeting of the trustees of the Saratoga Monument, Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE, the secretary of the Association, and chairman of the Committee on Design, presented a very interesting report. The shaft of the monument is erected, and the decorative statues and tablets and the interior work will be soon completed. Two of the three statues, those of GATES, by BUSELL, and of MORGAN, by O'DONOVAN, are ready, and that of SCHUYLER, by DOYLE, would have been ready also, except that the first clay model was unhappily destroyed. There are sixteen bass-reliefs completed, and Mr. STONE illustrates their "realistic" value, which is a vital consideration in such works, by the statement of interesting facts.

The persons represented are drawn from the best portraits. The spinning-wheel in the tablet of "The Women of the Revolution" is modelled from an heirloom in Mr. STONE's family, the broadaxe in "The March through the Forest" is taken from one which was in actual use in the BURGOYNE expedition, the musket held by an old farmer in "The Town Meeting" is drawn from one carried by a minute-man at Lexington, the tomahawk in "The Murder of Jane McCrea" is taken from one found on the spot of the massacre, and the silver buckle on BURGOYNE's shoe in the scene of "Burgoyne reprimanding the Indians" is copied from one found by Mr. STONE on the battle-field near the spot where General FRASER was shot.

The tablets have been executed by Messrs. HARTLEY, KELLY, and PICKETT, from sketches by Mr. J. C. MARKHAM, the architect of the monument, and the committee have spared no time or labor in the performance of their duty, restricted only, as in many such enterprises, by the want of adequate means. The happy completion of the Saratoga Monument will be largely due to the intelligent energy of the Hon. JOHN H. STARIN and Mr. STONE, respectively the chairman and secretary of the Association.

THE BULGARIAN ROMANCE.

THE romance of ALEXANDER the Bulgarian, of which we gave the first chapter last week, has come to a sudden conclusion. His return to his principality was a continuous triumph, in which Russia apparently acquiesced, since she made no protest. But once fairly in his palace, ALEXANDER sent a letter of Oriental obsequiousness to the Czar, who returned a most scornful answer, upon which the Prince announced his intention of abdication. This is strictly in accordance with the alleged letter of the Russian Chancellor GIERS, and shows how completely Russia is master of the situation.

ALEXANDER's abdication makes his return ridiculous. The only excuse for his passivity when his departure from his capital was required was that he had no choice. But if his people were so resolutely united for him as his return implied, his unprotesting departure had an air of pusillanimity. But, again, having left Bulgaria, he should not have thought of returning without some knowledge of the actual situation, and that would have prevented the ludicrous catastrophe.

It must be remembered, however, that he is a mere pawn in the game of the great powers. The situation in Bulgaria is determined by the views of their own interest which are held respectively by Russia, Germany, Austria, England, and France. Each hopes to gain by diplomatic craft, and to avoid the necessity of war. In this case war would seem to depend upon the degree of energy with which Russia may choose to assert her dominion in Bulgaria, with a view to her ultimate object of reaching Constantinople.

PERSONAL.

MR. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is a philanthropist, capitalist, lawyer, and yachtsman. He visits the head-quarters of the institution twice daily, staying two or three hours each time. Sometimes of a winter morning the clerks are surprised by seeing him enter as early as eight o'clock. He received $500,000 from his uncle, the late PETER GOELET, and will inherit perhaps several times that sum from his mother, who is PETER GOELET's sister, and now occupies the old GOELET brick house at Nineteenth Street and Broadway. He manages her estate and that of his wife. He serves the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children without salary, both as president and as counsel. Some of the Society's friends expect him to erect a magnificent new building for its use. He is an active director of the New York Hospital.

—With his detective camera under his arm, so disposed as to suggest a grip-sack, and thus to disarm suspicion, Mr. W. HAMILTON GIBSON caught on the fly hundreds of characteristic attitudes, costumes, and facial expressions during his recent trip South. Among his instantaneous photographs are several that illustrate the process of felling the huge cypresses of the Louisiana swamps, views of the cypress receiving its first blow from the "swamper's" axe, or just beginning to swerve from the perpendicular, or falling with a great splash into the water, or abandoned by the "swamper" in his flight from danger. Some of the old slaves of the wharves of New Orleans—men and women—are extremely picturesque as Mr. GIBSON took them, and he knows how to use his material in the production of artistic pictures. No pen or pencil sketches could have preserved a hundredth part of Mr. GIBSON's photographic collection of vital facts.

—Californians are asking themselves how Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER will make the trees grow which he proposes to plant in the form of a Maltese cross on Goat Island, in San Francisco Bay. Goat Island is destitute of water, without a liberal use of which not even the hardy eucalyptus can be induced to flourish.

—Mr. ALMA-TADEMA received an order from an American picture dealer for a figure piece at the price of $6000. The painting when finished did not please the artist. He took a paint-brush and wiped it out. The art dealer has not heard from him since.

—There have been but two deaths from hydrophobia in New York city during the last eight years. The Board of Health has never expressed itself concerning the merits or demerits of M. PASTEUR's method, and does not consider the subject of pressing importance; but the committee appointed by the British government to examine into the method report that they are fully satisfied that it is effective.

—Mr. BALDWIN, of California, who gained the *sobriquet* of "Lucky" because of his many successful ventures, finds the twenty negroes that he brought from North Carolina two years ago more serviceable on his ranch of fifty thousand acres than the Chinese. His mania is tree-planting, which he recently gratified by creating an avenue of white-oaks and English walnuts, five miles long, in the new town of Baldwin, where frost never falls and roses bloom in December.

—Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER's success in this country has led Mr. FRANK HOLL, another English artist, to resolve to come over here. He may be expected in the autumn. His portrait of Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL, of Philadelphia, was an attraction at the latest Royal Academy exhibition, and he has already received several commissions to paint other American portraits.

—Mr. JOHN BACH MCMASTER, the historian, has wholly recovered from a very serious illness brought on last spring by overwork.

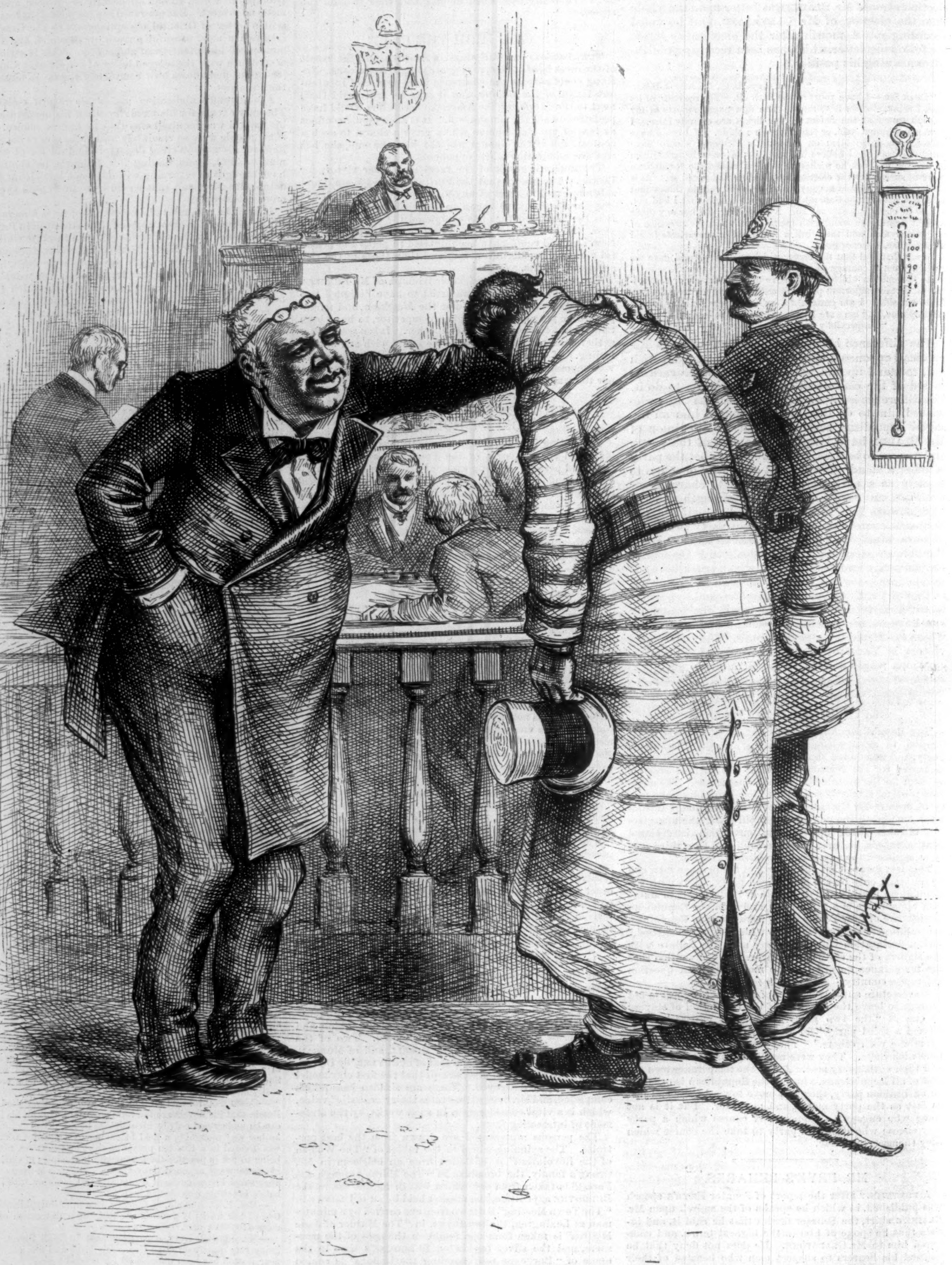
—The late Bishop GILBERT HAVEN was in his youth a salesman in a Boston carpet house, and among his associates were ex-Sheriff CLARK and Mr. E. D. JORDAN, who have now erected a costly monument to his memory.

—Count TOLSTOÏ told an American who recently visited him in Russia that his novels are the least important work of his life, and can be understood only by his religious books. The distinguished author was ploughing a field belonging to a peasant widow, and was dressed in a Russian peasant's shirt and drawers, his object being to put in practice the fundamental principles of Christianity as these were expounded by Christ. For this purpose he had abandoned his magnificent estate, and was laboring with his own hands for those who needed help.

—Mrs. P. D. ARMOUR, of Chicago, is a practical philanthropist. One of her works is a mission school, the maintenance of which costs $10,000 a year.

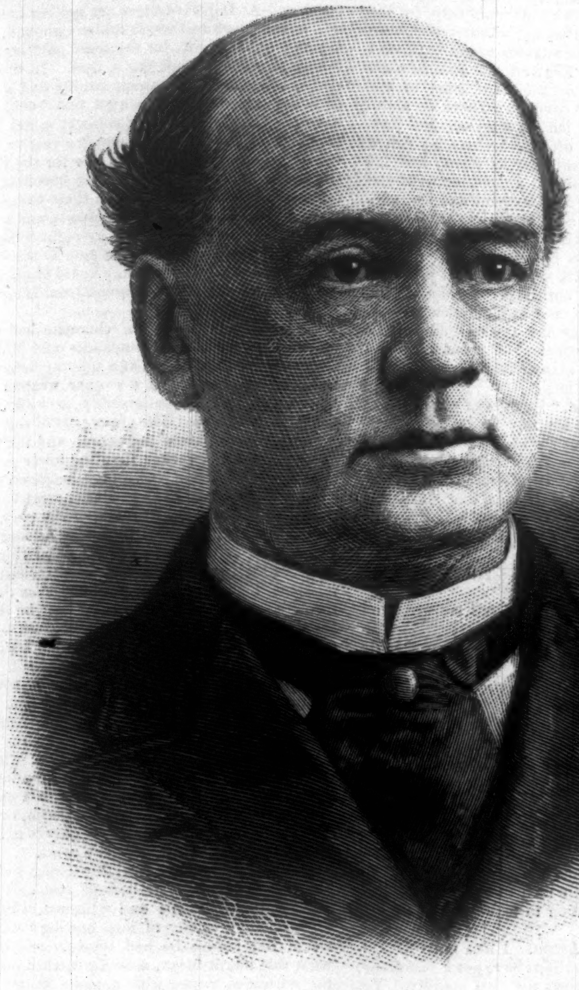
—Mr. JOHN R. DUFF, once prominent in Wall Street, is now living very quietly on Cape Cod. His large and fine country-seat near Boston has been unoccupied for several years.

—The walls of the reading-room of a hotel in this city much frequented by dramatic and operatic celebrities are almost covered with framed photographs of well-known singers and players, each of which is inscribed with an autographic dedication to the proprietor of the establishment. Among the inscribed pictures are those of MATERNA, LUCCA, CARLOTTA PATTI, MARIE ROSE, HANFSTAENGL, and WACHTEL. Much noticed is a side view of Mlle. NEVADA, beneath which in a vigorous school-boy's hand is written the following: "To dear, good Mr. WEHRLE, in kindest remembrance of the attention and comfort received in his charming hotel home. Very sincerely, EMMA NEVADA PALMER." Beneath the signature is the singer's motto, "J'ai foi."

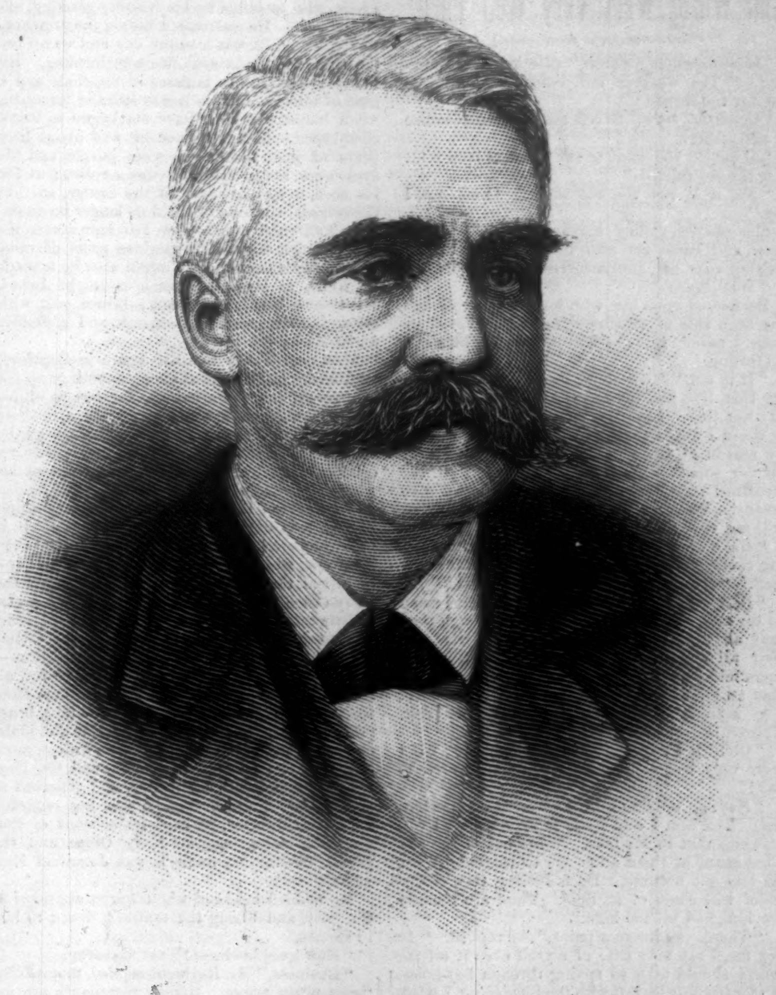


THE BEING THAT HE REALLY BELIEVES IN.

Bob Ingersoll. "Any time one of your followers is on trial you can count on me for the defence."



THOMAS C. MANNING.

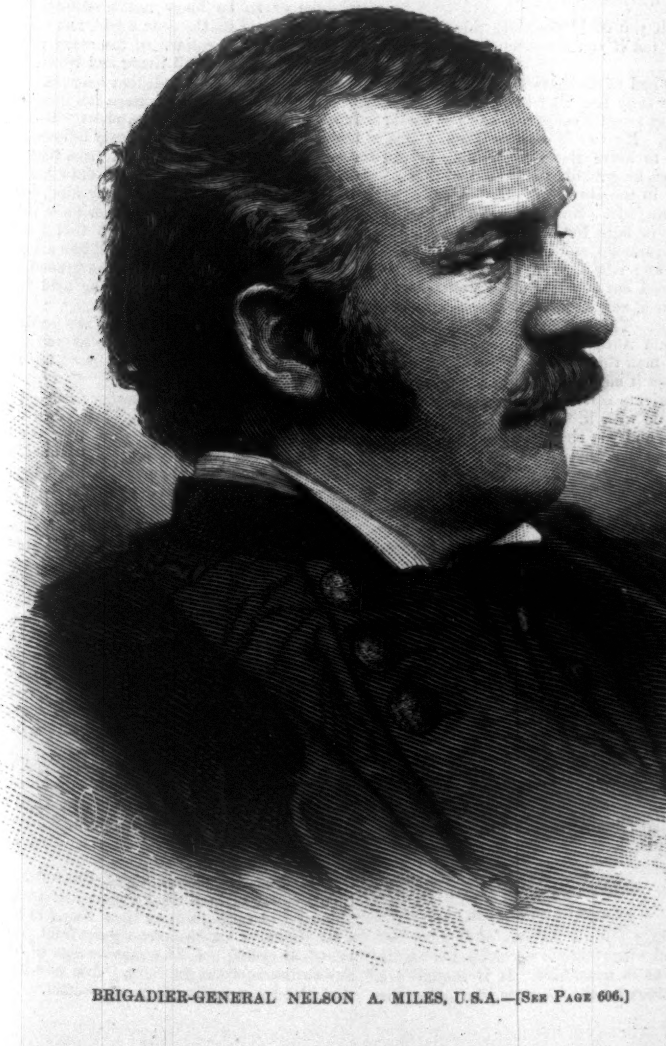


ALBERT GRIFFIN.—[See Page 606.]

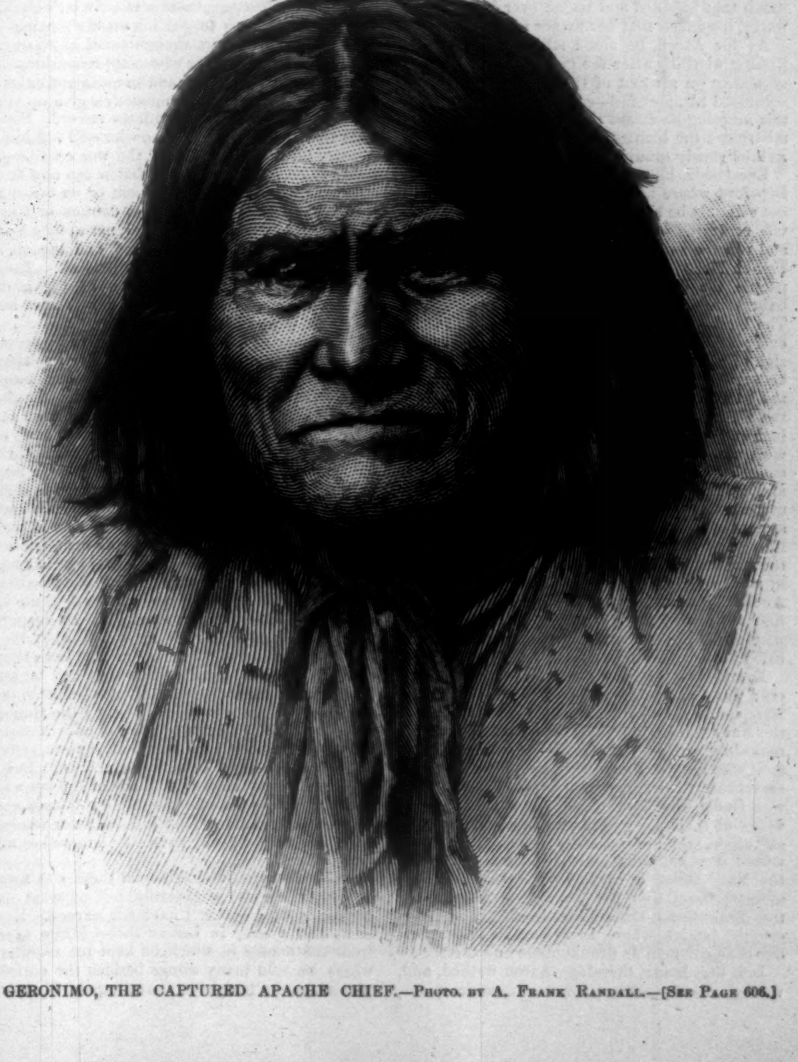
THE NEW MINISTER TO MEXICO.

Thomas Courtlandt Manning, of Louisiana, lately appointed to succeed Mr. Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, as United States Minister to Mexico, was born at Edenton, in the eastern part of North Carolina. He was taught at the schools of Edenton until he entered the University of North Carolina, where he completed his college education. Taking up the study of the law, he was admitted to the North Carolina bar, and practised in the Edenton circuit until the close of the year 1855, when he removed to Alexandria, in Louisiana, where he has since resided. In 1861 he was elected a Lieutenant of the first military company organized in Rapides Parish, and in May of that year was made aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor Moore, of Louisiana, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He discharged the duties of this post in New Orleans until the summer of 1863, when he was made Adjutant-General of the State, with the rank of Brigadier-General. In January, 1864, he was appointed Associate Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court, and he held this place until the close of the war, when he returned to the practice of the law at Alexandria. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876, where he was a zealous supporter of Mr. Tilden for the nomination. In January, 1877, Governor Nicholls appointed him Chief-Justice of the Louisiana Supreme Court. He left the bench under Governor Wiltz, and Governor McEnery appointed him to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Levy. His term expired several months ago, and he was not reappointed.

Judge Manning's law business has been large and remunerative during the many years he has practised. He has always interested himself in the affairs of his State, without indulging selfish aims in politics, and he has long been a leader in his party, enjoying the respect and confidence of his associates. The Democratic State Convention in Louisiana in 1872 failed to agree with the Convention of the "Reform party" upon a common ticket. Judge Manning was a delegate to the State Convention, and upon its adjournment he was sent as a delegate to the Convention of the "Liberal party," which finally united with the representatives of the Democratic party in supporting John McEnery for Governor. In the State Convention Judge Manning would not allow himself to be named as a candidate for Governor; and in the Liberal Convention, when his name was proposed, he declined to allow it to stand. He has the reputation in his State of being an able jurist and a man of wide learning, who will fill with dignity and credit the place to which he has been appointed.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.—[See Page 606.]



GERONIMO, THE CAPTURED APACHE CHIEF.—Photo. by A. Frank Randall.—[See Page 606.]

The World Went Very Well Then.

[Continued from front page.]

"Good-morning, Aaron," said Mr. Westmoreland. "The weather still holds up, and keeps fine for the season."

"Come out, Bess," he repeated, taking no notice of her father.

"What do you want to say to me, Aaron? If it is the old thing—"

"No, it is not the old thing. Come out, I say."

She obeyed, rolling her apron over her bare arms, and came out into the street, her father looking after her, apprehensive of mischief.

"Well, Aaron?"

He looked upon her with love in his eyes, had she been able to perceive it, and to be moved by such a gaze. But she had no pity for him, and no feeling.

"It is not the old story, Bess," he said. "As for that, I've had my answer. What I came to say was this. I asked a simple question—twenty times I asked that question. 'Twas not only by reason of thy good looks, Bess, though they go for something. 'Twas because, of all the Deptford girls, there was none so quiet and so steady. Well, the time has come no honest man will ask thee that question again."

"Have a care, Aaron," she replied, with flaming cheek, because she knew what he meant very well. "Have a care, Aaron. You'd best."

"Bess, it is because I love thee still that I came to say this. No one else will say it, though they may all think it. You were with him at the Fair all the evening. It was not till nigh upon midnight that he brought thee home. Is that an hour for a respectable girl? You meet him secretly at the apothecary's every day. Therefore I say again—Bess—beware."

"Oh! If I were to tell him," she began; "if I were only to tell him what you have dared to say!"

"Nay....tell him all. I care not a brass button. Tell him I said he is fooling thee. I will tell him that to his face. What care I for any Lieutenant of them all? He to marry! Why, he has got nothing. He is fooling thee. Mischief will come of it, Bess. Thou are too low for him, and yet too high."

"Thank you for your pains," she replied. "As for me, I can take care of myself even if all the world should take to spying through key-holes. As for trusting myself with the Lieutenant, I think I am safer with him than with a smuggler—yes, a mere tarpaulin smuggler. You can go, Aaron. 'Tis a fine morning for a run down the river, and I dare say a sail across the Channel will do you good, and cure the headache from last Friday's cudgelling. But take care, Aaron. Some day, perhaps, we may see thee, if thou art not prudent, dangling in chains over there"—she pointed to the Isle of Dogs, where there were then hanging on the gibbets three poor wretches—"or walking after a cart-tail with the whip across your shoulders; or, maybe, marched aboard ship in handcuffs for the plantations. Get thee gone, meddler!"

"I have said what I came to say. As for thy fine lover, Bess, he crows now, but it will be my turn next, and that when he little looks for it. He has not yet done with me."

She laughed scornfully, and returned to her pudding, tossing her head, and murmuring with wrath that bubbled and boiled over into broken words, insomuch that her father trembled.

As for Aaron, he stood still for a moment, looking wistfully after the girl. I think he bore no malice on account of the joy with which she witnessed his downfall—nay, I verily believe that this morning he meant the best for her, and only mistrusted the Lieutenant. Then he turned and walked slowly toward the town.

Everybody knows that there are streets in Deptford where honest and sober people would not willingly be seen. They are the resort of the vile creatures which infest every seaport town, and rob the sailor of his money. Barnes Alley, French Fields, and the Stowage are full of these people, the best of whom are oyster wenches, ballad-singers, and traders in smuggled goods. The houses are chiefly of wood, black with dirt; every other door hangs out the chequers as a sign of what is sold within. Here and there may be seen the lattice of the baker or the pole of the barber. The men in these streets wear for the most part fur caps, with gray woollen stockings and speckled breeches. Their shoes are tied with scarlet tape, and they are never without a cudgel. The women have flat caps, blue aprons, and draggled petticoats. The talk of the people corresponds to their appearance. One of these streets is called Butcher's Row. In the midst of it, on the north side, stands a house superior to the rest, having an upper story, and a sign carved in wood over the door—that of the "Hope and Anchor." There is a broad staircase within, also rich with wood-carving, and a room wainscoted with dark oak, where those sit who drink something better than the common twopenny.

Every tavern hath its own class of frequenters: those who use the Hope and Anchor are the men whom Custom-house officers, the clerks of the Navy Offices, and police magistrates agree in regarding with suspicion. They are, for instance, men who have dealings with smugglers, yet never venture their skins across the Channel; men who traffic in sailors' tickets, and defraud their wives of their pay; men who sell ship-stores of all kinds, and are modestly reluctant to show where they got them; men who buy up, before the Navy Office is ready to pay, sailors' prize-money; those who live by finding recruits for the East India Company's service, and keep crimps' houses, where, according to some, murder is as common as drunkenness and theft.

Into that house, therefore, Aaron walked, and, without any questions, for he knew the place, made his way into the parlor, where was sitting a man who, to judge by his friendly greeting, expected him. He was seated beside the fireplace, where, though it was a sunny day and warm for the season, a great coal fire was burning. He was provided with a tankard of small ale and a pipe of tobacco, though it was still the forenoon, when industrious men have not begun to think of tobacco. In appearance he was about fifty years of age; his cheeks were purple and his eyes were fiery; his neck was swollen; as for his nose, it was battered in the bridge, so that the original shape of it could no longer be guessed. And there was a deep red scar across his cheek, which might be a glorious proof of valor in some great action, and might also be a mark by which to remember some midnight brawl. He wore a scratch-wig and a brown coat with metal buttons, worsted stockings, and a muffler about his neck.

This man was a familiar figure in Deptford, whither he came by boat once a month or so for the transaction of business. The nature of his business was not known for certain, and there were different reports. It was whispered by some that he stood in with Aaron Fletcher, receiving and selling for him those cargoes of his which he brought across the Channel and landed on the coast of Essex; by others it was said that he ventured on his own account; and again, it was whispered by some that he was a Government spy, who ought to have his ears sliced; and by others that he procured information for the Navy Office when there was going to be a press, and therefore, if justice was done, should be carbonadoed. All this might have been true. What every one could observe with his own eyes was—that he bought, and paid a good price for, all those things which sailors bring with them from foreign ports, such as embroidered cloths, brass pots, figures in china, silver ornaments and idols, or even living creatures, as hyenas, wolves, monkeys, parrots, mangooses, lemurs, and the like. He was liberal with his money, and generous in the matter of drink; yet he was not regarded with friendly eyes, perhaps on account of that suspicion regarding the Navy Office and the press. As for his name, it was Jonathan Rayment.

He nodded his head when Aaron appeared at the door, and lifting the tankard, drank to him in silence.

"How goes business?" asked Aaron.

"Business," Mr. Rayment replied, mournfully, "was never worse. Honest merchants are undone. My next ship sails in a week, and as yet I have but a poor half-dozen in the place."

"That is bad."

"And a sorry lot they are. One is a young parson who hath spent his all, and, in despair, took one night to the road, and now thinks the hue-and-cry is out after him. Another is a 'prentice who hath robbed his master's till, and will be hanged if he is caught, and yet snivels all day because he fears the Great Mogul's black Spahis almost more than he fears the gallows. One hath deserted twenty-one times from the army, twice from the navy, and once from the marines, but a dissolute fellow, and rotten with disease and drink; the wind whistles through his bones. Yet he would rather cross the seas and fight for the Honorable Company than be taken and receive the five hundred lashes which are waiting for him. He might as well die that way as by disease, for he will certainly drop to pieces before he reaches Calcutta. Another is a lawyer's clerk, who, I believe, hath forged his master's name—a rogue who will fight, though small of stature. Another is a footpad, for whose apprehension ten guineas reward is offered, and so mean and chicken-hearted a rogue that I must e'en give up the fellow and content myself with the reward. Sure I am that the first smell of powder will kill him. A sorry lot indeed. Well, if the war continues, I am ruined. For every lusty fellow can now find employment, either in a regiment or on board a ship, and there will soon be no debtors or footpads. Alas! Aaron, I remember, not so long ago, when the peace was proclaimed, and the regiments disbanded, and the ships paid off. Then we had for nothing our choice of the best. Rogues are cheap when 'tis their only choice between the gallows and the Company."

The meaning of all this was that the respectable Mr. Rayment was nothing more or less than a crimp by trade: one, that is, who seeks out and deludes, inveigles, or persuades recruits for the service of the East India Company, whether for their land or sea service, keeping them snug in the house till the ship sails. As regards their navy, the Company hath, I have been told, a fleet of a hundred ships afloat, to man which is difficult, and requires the service of many such men as Mr. Rayment, whose methods are, as is well known, to decoy or persuade young men, and especially young men who are friendless or in trouble through some folly or crime, into their houses, and there keep them, whether they will or no, by violence, if necessary, but more often by keeping them drunk, so that they know not what they have undertaken, or what papers they have signed, until the time comes when they can be put aboard. As for the service of the Company, the young gentlemen who are sent out by the Honorable Council to Calcutta or Madras as writers or clerks do frequently, as everybody knows, arrive at great riches, and come home nabobs. But I never yet heard that any of the poor fellows who have been decoyed into the crimps' houses and shipped on board an East Indiaman for foreign service in the Company have ever returned at all, rich or poor.

Between Aaron and this man there was some understanding or partnership, but of what nature or to what extent I have not learned. Rayment had a shop in Leman Street (quite apart from the houses in which he kept his recruits), where he sold many things besides the curiosities which he bought of the sailors in Wapping and Poplar as well as at Deptford. Perhaps he disposed of Aaron's cargoes for him after a run. Perhaps he arranged, with Aaron's help, for the passage of those gentlemen, whether Jacobites or Frenchmen, who are anxious to get backward and forward between England and France without the observation or the knowledge of the government of either country. There is abundant occupation for such gentry as Mr. Rayment, whose end is often what rogues call a dance in the air. And just as Aaron had his boat-building yard, which is a most innocent and harmless business, so Mr. Rayment had his innocent shop in Leman Street, and was to outward seeming an honest citizen, who went forth from his shop to church on Sunday morning dressed in black cloth, white silk stockings, and japanned shoes, with a newly curled and powdered wig, like the best of them, and was permitted to exchange the time of day and the compliments of the season with gentlemen of reputation and known piety. Thus many villains walk unsuspected among honest men.

"Well," said Aaron, "I dare say you will not starve. What do you say, now, to a tall recruit?"

"What do you want for him, Aaron?"

"You shall have him for nothing."

Mr. Rayment looked suspicious, as one that feareth the gifts of his friends, and shook his head.

"For nothing, Aaron? What do you want me to do for you, then?"

"Nothing. I will give you a tall and lusty recruit. That is plain, is it not?"

"The door is shut, Aaron. Tell me what you mean."

"Give me the men to take him, and he is yours."

"To take him?" Mr. Rayment whispered. "Is he not a willing recruit, then? I love a fellow who is in trouble, and desires to be put into a place of safety."

"I don't know about his willingness," said Aaron, grimly.

"If he is not willing, is he a fellow to be persuaded easily? As far as a skinful of punch is concerned, I care not about the expense, so long as I get a lusty fellow."

"He is in no trouble, and he is not willing. It will take half a dozen men to carry him along, and a week's starvation to make him even pretend to be willing."

"'Tis dangerous, Aaron. I like not this kidnapping work. We crimps have got a bad name, though every one knows my own honesty. Yet we must not openly rival the Press."

"Why, you have done it hundreds of times."

"Ay, for the picking up of a starving rustic, or a drunken sailor, or a disbanded soldier, and swearing, when they are sober again, that they have enlisted: that is neither here nor there. And it is for the good of the poor fellows. Their pay is regular, and the climate considered by some to be wholesome. It is playing the part of Providence to help the poor men with the service of the East India Company."

"No doubt," said Aaron.

"Give me your recruit who comes red-handed, the runners after him, and asks for nothing but to be shipped safe out of the country as soon as possible. I care not how many rogueries he hath committed. Give me your lusty villain who hath stolen his master's horse, or the gallant who hath squandered all his stock. These give no trouble. But with pressed and kidnapped men it is different."

"I doubt if you could persuade this fellow," said Aaron, "not if you made him drink a cask of brandy."

"We have had misfortunes too," Mr. Rayment continued. "Only last May there was brought to my house as sweet a country lad as you would desire to see. He was in trouble about a girl, and desired to serve the King. Well, in the morning, when he got sober and learned that he was enlisted in the service of the Company, he behaved shamefully. Nothing would do but he must go free or fight for it. So my honest fellows tried persuasion, and in the end there were collar-bones and ribs broken, and that country lad was carried out and laid upon Whitechapel Mount, stripped, and as dead as any gentleman can wish to be. Think of the loss it was to me!"

"Well," said Aaron, "your fellows must not persuade my man this way."

"What does it mean, Aaron?"

"It is a private matter. You need not have anything to do with it. Send me half a dozen stout fellows, and you shall know nothing at all about it, except that another recruit was enlisted, who staid at the house till the ship sailed, and was taken on board drunk and speechless. You will have nothing to do with it but to lend me your men and your house."

"I don't like it, Aaron. It may turn out bad. Has the man friends?"

"He has. Yet this his friends will never suspect."

"I don't like the job, Aaron. Kidnapping should only be practised on strangers and rustics. Is he a tradesman?"

"No. It is a private grudge, Jonathan. I will make it worth your while. I must have this man put out of the way. He is a Lieutenant in the King's Navy."

Mr. Rayment jumped from his chair.

"A King's Lieutenant! Aaron, would you hang us all?"

"Sit down, you fool. It is a safe job. Besides, you shall have nothing to do with it. Sit down, and listen."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DARK NIGHT'S JOB.

The evenings toward the end of October set in early; and when there is no moon, the nights are as dark as in midwinter. It is therefore a favorable season for the footpads who molest the roads outside great towns, the thieves who prowl the streets, and the highwaymen who stop the coaches. At Deptford there are neither footpads nor street prowlers, though robbers enough, Lord knows; but they rob, for the most part, on a different plan, and within the houses. In times of peace, when a sailor cannot readily find a ship, or a disbanded Marine cannot find work, there have been known cases of robbery about Deptford and Greenwich. But in such a year as 1756, when the sailors were all too few for the King's ships, and they were continually enrolling new regiments of Marines, no one in these towns gave a thought to the dangers of footpads, and a child might have carried by day or by night a bag full of guineas from the dock-yard gate to the bridge without fear of molestation. Least of all would such a man as Jack Easterbrook trouble his head about robbers.

He left the Gun Tavern, where he had spent the evening with the Lieutenants and Midshipmen who used the house, at a quarter before ten or thereabouts, carrying no other weapon than his hanger, and began leisurely to walk home down Church Lane. The upper part of this road, when you have passed the church and the Trinity Almshouses, is darker than the lower part, by reason of great trees and a high hedge on either hand. Light or dark, 'twas all the same to Jack, who marched along the middle of the road, head in air, his thoughts turned on Bess, as they commonly were at this time, or else wondering how long before he should receive his promised commission. Soon it certainly would be, even though, through favoritism and lack of interest, he should, for the present, be passed over, because officers and men were growing scarce, and my Lords the Commissioners wanted all they could get. And once afloat again, with, if kind Heaven willed, a fighting Captain, there would be prizes and prize-money, and perhaps swift promotion. And then home again, to the arms of his dear girl. This, I take it, is the dream of every sailor; whereas, for many, instead of returning to the arms of a fond mistress, they are lowered, with a cannon-shot at their heels, into the cold ocean, or come home lopped of half their limbs, only to find their inconstant mistress in another's arms.

Now, as he was thus striding along, swinging his arms as he went, he became suddenly aware of shuffling footsteps and whispers, which betokened the presence of men lurking behind the trees; but before he had time to ask himself what this might mean, a fellow rushed out from the darkness, armed with a pistol in one hand, which he pointed at Jack's head, and a lantern in the other, which he turned, unsteadily, in the manner of one who is afraid, upon his face, crying, "Your money or your life."

Jack was so astonished that for a moment he made no reply. Then he sprang upon the fellow, and caught him by the throat. "My money or my life! Impudent dog, I will squeeze thine own life out!" And so shook him in his grasp—thumb on breathing-pipe—as a terrier shakes a rat, so that the man dropped pistol and lantern, and would have experienced the fate of the rat in another minute but for the help of his friends. As it was, he would have cried for mercy, but he could neither cry out nor breathe, so tight were the fingers at his throat. Indeed, when he was rescued half a minute later his face was already purple, his eyes starting from his head like a shrimp's, and his tongue swollen, so that he was fain to sit upon the ground awhile, and for ten minutes or so he knew not whether he were really dead and in the next world, and therefore about to reap the reward of his many villanies, or whether he were still living and ready, for his greater damnation, to swell that long list.

When the light of the lantern fell upon Jack's face there followed a sharp, short whistle, and upon that signal half a dozen lusty fellows sprang upon him at the same moment from both sides of the road. He had no time to draw his sword or to make any resistance of any kind, for one of them fetched him from behind, while the others threatened him in front, so foul a stroke with an oaken cudgel that he fell like a log and without a word senseless upon the ground, dragging with him the man whom he held by the throat.

Then the men all crowded over him ready with their cudgels, and as courageous as you please, their man being down. But it is of no use to cudgel a senseless man.

They were joined by another man—it was Aaron—a tall fellow, truly. He seemed like a giant among these ruffians, who, after the kind of river-side villains, were short of stature though stout. This man stood over the fallen Lieutenant, and looked upon the prostrate body with eyes of satisfaction.

"He fell at once," said Aaron, as if dissatisfied. "I looked for more fighting. I thought there would be much more fighting. I hoped to see him do his best before he was overpowered. Show a light here." One of them—not the first villain, who was now sitting on the ground slowly getting his breath and still wondering whether he were dead or not—held the lantern before Jack's face. The eyes were closed and his cheek white.

"Master," said the man, "I doubt the gentleman is killed outright. This is a bad job for all of us."

"Killed! Saw ever one a man killed by a stroke of a cudgel? I wish he was killed. I wish he was dead and buried. Yet he shall never say that I caused him to be killed. Such a man as this does not die of a cracked skull. Show the light again."

This time he looked more carefully. The Lieutenant was in a dead swoon, just as Aaron himself had fallen into at Horn Fair, but it was a far shrewder knock and a deeper faint. Aaron raised an eyelid, but there was no sign of life or any shrinking from the light. And now he saw that blood was flowing from the wound.

"He will lie quiet for a while yet. Well, men, here is your new recruit."

The men looked at each other, and murmured that with King's officers—for now they saw the uniform by the light of the lantern—they would not meddle.

"Not meddle, ye villains?" cried Aaron; "why, you have meddled with him already, and have wellnigh murdered him, and will very likely hang, every mother's son, for this night's job. Wherefore take him up and carry him away; 'tis your only chance to save your own necks. Get him across the river with all despatch, and snug in-doors."

The men hesitated. One of them murmured, with an oath, that they would not hang alone.

"When he comes to his senses," Aaron continued, taking no notice of this threat, "tell him that at the least movement you will brain him. But you are not to brain him, remember, or your master will lose the very best recruit he ever had, and will cause you all to swing. What? There is enough against you for every man to swing." This assurance was made more emphatic by the language which this sort most readily understood. Still the men hesitated. The King's uniform frightened them. They had often enough kidnapped a poor drunken sailor, but never before a Lieutenant. Then Aaron swore at them, and stamped his foot upon the ground.

"Quick, I say. What? You dare to argue? Take him up. So. Cover him with a jacket to hide his white stockings and breeches, though the night is dark. That will do—now—with a will."

They took him up, the whole six sullenly lending a hand, and carried him as men carry a drunken man.

"Carry him to the Stairs, and row him across the river as quickly as you may. Bestow him in the upper room at the back, where you keep the chains and the bars for your unruly recruits. Watch him by day and night. He will try to escape, that is certain; as soon as he recovers consciousness he will try to escape. Let him understand that he will be knocked on the head if he makes the attempt. And remember he is a match for any three of ye—ay, the whole six, I verily believe—for he is as strong as Samson. If he succeeds in escaping he will have you all in Newgate. He will drag the house down, if he can, in order to escape. You are in great danger, my friends, whatever happens. Yet I would not have him murdered. If he is not put on board alive, there will be a warrant out against you for highway robbery and violence, and hanged you will be, every man. Therefore, I say, take care of him." Thus he spoke: now showing that he wished the man dead, and then warning them not to kill him. "It is but three or four days' nursing, with chains and a watch set day and night, and then you shall hocus his drink and put him on board, and shove the drunken beast down the companion to the lower deck with the recruits, and the bo's'n's rope's-end first, in case he complains; and the triangles next, in case he is stubborn and mutinous. I should like to see him tied up for three dozen. Now, march."

The men replied nothing, but slung their burden and prepared to obey.

"March, I say; and, look ye, the Press was last night out on Tower Hill, and the night before they were busy at Redriff, where there was fighting and warm work, so that the men's spirit is up and they will brook no resistance. Perhaps—I know not—they are out to-night at Deptford. If the Press should take you, carrying a King's officer unconscious and with an open wound in his head, my mates—why—you are dead men—and already little better."

The men needed no more, but marched off at the double, as they say, the thought of the Press lending wings to their heels.

"To knock down," said Aaron, when they were gone, "and to kidnap a Lieutenant in the King's Navy, and to ship him, drugged and drunk, on board an East Indiaman for a recruit, is, I should say, high treason, at the least. But none of the fellows know me, and who is to prove that I gave the orders? If the Lieutenant is dead already, they will throw his body into the river. If he is not dead, most of these poor fellows will surely hang, for one or other of them is certain to turn King's evidence. Yet if he tries to escape, they will kill him, being used to murder, and thinking little of it. If they knew it, this is their best chance. If they do not kill him—what then? He goes aboard. And then? I know not. He will be put on board in rags. No one will believe him if he calls himself an officer. I doubt if the Lieutenant will come back again to Deptford. Whether he comes back or not, they cannot charge the thing to me."

Certainly there never yet was conceived a more diabolical plot, or one of greater impudence, than to waylay and kidnap an officer bearing his Majesty's commission, to keep him close prisoner in a crimp's house, chained and half starved, watched day and night, and then, as was intended, to thrust him down into the hold of an East Indiaman, seemingly stupid with drink (but in reality bereft of his senses by some noxious drug), and to pretend that he was a volunteer recruit. It is very well known, and matter of common notoriety, that many men have been thus kidnapped and kept prisoners, and then shipped under this pretence. They are carried below, apparently drunk, and laid among the other recruits, for the most part a most desperate, villanous company. Here they lie, and when they partly recover they are already out to sea, in the gloomy 'tween-decks, most likely speechless with seasickness, among strange and horrible companions, and no one on board who will so much as listen to their story. Here was revenge indeed, if only it could be carried out! And what was to prevent? I have never heard that a King's officer hath been thus treated, which makes it the more wonderful for Aaron to have devised so bold a scheme. Yet not so bold as it seems, because if Jack could thus be carried on board, in rags, unwashed, unshaven, his hair about his ears, who would believe his affirmation that he was a commissioned officer? Why, if such a ragamuffin told this tale to the petty officers he would be rope's-ended, and if to the First Lieutenant or to the Captain himself, he would most likely be tied up and accommodated with three dozen, and perhaps six dozen, for insubordination; for the officers of the Company are said to be ready as those of the King's service—who, Heaven knows, are never too lenient—in dealing with refractory recruits. Yet sooner or later, one would think, the thing would be discovered, though not on board the ship. Then the Lieutenant would return home and prefer his complaint, and punishment would follow. But Aaron, only an ignorant fellow, thought of nothing but revenge. There are some men to whom the most terrible punishment in the future seems as nothing compared with the gratification of present revenge.

The gang of rogues had not gone farther toward the town than St. Paul's Church, marching quickly along the middle of the road, ready at the least alarm of the Press to drop their burden and to run in all directions, when they encountered another party, consisting of three negroes—one carrying a lantern—and a gentleman with a wooden leg. The negroes were, like these villains, armed with cudgels, but they also carried cutlasses.

"Halt!" cried the gentleman, who was none other than the Admiral. "Turn the lantern on these men, Cudjo."

The negro valiantly advanced and showed a light upon the party. They wore sailors' clothes, namely, slops or petticoats, short jackets, and hats turned up straight on all three sides; and their hair was long, and hung about their necks. It was, indeed, their business on the Tower Hill, and in the neighborhood of Ratcliffe, Shadwell, and Wapping, to pretend to be honest sailors, and therefore to wear their dress.

"Why," said the Admiral, "they are sailors! Whither bound, my lads, and what are you carrying?"

"By your leave, your Honor," said one of them, "we are carrying a comrade who is too drunk to walk, and we are fearful of leaving him in the hedge-side by reason of the Press."

"Ay....ay....the Press—well—my lads, I would that the Press could take you all, and confound you for a poor lousy, chicken-hearted crew. I wish I knew where the Press is this night, that I might set them on to you. I wish my negroes were six instead of three. Go your ways. March, Cudjo."

The men made no reply, but hurried away as quickly as they could. The Admiral looked after them awhile.

"I doubt," he said, "that all was not right. They looked a plaguy cutthroat set of rascals. Perhaps 'twas not a drunken comrade after all."

Then he continued his way home in the usual marching order, but slowly, because a wooden-legged man who has twinges of gout in his remaining toes does not walk fast. Presently the man who held the lantern spied something in the road which glittered. He picked it up. 'Twas a gold-laced hat with the King's cockade.

"Men," said the Admiral, "this is the hat of an officer. What does this mean? Look about you, every one."

The road was quite dark, owing to the trees and the cloudy night. Presently, however, the men found a pistol in the road, and beside it the traces of scuffling feet and torn lace, and, worse still, plain marks of blood upon the road.

"Here," said the Admiral, "hath been wild work. Torn ruffles—a gold-laced hat—a pistol—and a gang of blood-thirsty cutthroats carrying a body with them. A drunken comrade, forsooth! And afraid of the Press; would to God the Press might take them red-handed! Whom have they murdered? For murder, surely, it is, and nothing less. Men"—he turned to his negroes—"I am wooden-legged, and cannot run. Wherefore do you leave me here, and with what speed you may, hasten after that company, and call upon them to surrender, and if they will not, raise the town upon them. Draw cutlasses—shoulder cutlasses—quick march—double. Run, ye black devils, as if your horny grandfather himself were after you!"

If the Admiral had ordered his negroes to jump from London Bridge or the Monument, they would have done it, I am quite certain, so great was the terror with which they regarded him. Therefore, at the word, they drew their weapons, and set off running with the greatest resolution, and at a pretty brisk pace, showing all the outward signs of zeal and of courage.

Alas! negroes are in essentials all alike. No man ever yet found courage in the black African, any more than industry, patience, or honesty, unless the white man was behind him with Father Stick for encouragement.

The night was dark. Nothing more daunts a negro than darkness, because to him the night is peopled—especially when there is no white man present—with all kinds of fearful and terrible creatures; therefore, in their running, they presently began to feel the gloomy influence of the hour, and their speed slackened gradually. Next, they were no longer young; and it would be foolish to expect of those whose wool is gray the courage which they never possessed when it was still black. Thirdly, the Admiral was out of sight and out of hearing. And, again, if the enemy refused to surrender, whom were they to alarm? What were they to say? What road were they to take? Lastly—a consideration which weighed with them above all others—what if they were, unhappily, to overtake the men? They were but three to six—and three feeble old blacks to six lusty young whites! Then might occur difficulties unforeseen by the Admiral, who naturally thought that his own crew must always gain the victory.

These doubts and difficulties suggested themselves to the brave fellows at one and the same moment, namely, the first moment when they thought their footsteps out of the Admiral's hearing. They halted and looked at each other.

"Breddren," said Snowball, "let us stop and deliberation ourselves. Where am de enemy? Fled—flown—yah! De poo' coward!—run clean out of our sight!—'fraid to face brave black man!"

"S'pose," said Cudjo, "we wait just quarter ob an hour; then go back and tell his Honor—men clean gone; run away before us, for fear ob us?"

This was agreed to. Nothing more was said, but all three sat on a door-step, and waited until they thought the quarter of an hour seemed to be passed, and they thought they might safely return.

Even if they had followed the party across to the Stairs, supposing they knew which direction to take, they would scarcely have overtaken them, so expeditious were the men in getting to the river and in pushing off, the bank being at this time quite deserted.

Therefore, when they thought a reasonable time had elapsed, the valiant negroes returned slowly, but still brandishing their cutlasses. Arrived within five minutes of the house, they broke into a quick trot, so that they reached the doors in a panting and breathless condition, as happens to those who very earnestly and zealously carry out instructions.

They reported that at the bottom of Church Lane they came upon the enemy, and called upon him to surrender at discretion or take the terrible consequences. The enemy chose the latter, and retreated rapidly. In other words, they all vanished, but whether down Butcher Row or in the direction of Rogue Lane, which leads into the open fields, south of Rotherhithe, they could not tell, and in the darkness and uncertainty they thought it best to return for further orders.

"Why," said the Admiral, "'tis a dark night truly. And if they have sailed out of sight, and we have lost them, there is no more to be said," and so put away the torn ruffles, the laced hat, and the pistol, in case they might be wanted for evidence of robbery and violence, if not of murder, and ordered the men an extra ration of rum, and so to bed. Fortunately he had no suspicion that the hat and the ruffles belonged to Jack Easterbrook, otherwise his night's rest would have been disturbed. As for the pistol, however, that he discovered on examination had not been discharged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A BUFFALO school-teacher carried off the laurels in a match at English pronunciation held at Chautauqua recently among a class of fifty competitors. The report of her victory is very brief, and does not tell by what standard the class was guided. If the judges were from the neighborhood of Buffalo, and the other members of the class were from distant parts of the country, the verdict was natural enough, whatever may have been its justice; but how would the Buffalo school-teacher have fared if she had happened to come before judges from Maine, or Ohio, or Texas? Would a judge from the South put up with a person who contended that "kyar" was pronounced "car," or called a "do" a "door"? And what would an Ohio judge think of anybody who assumed that there were not five or six "r's" on the end of the word "butter," or a judge from Maine of a school-teacher who took liberties with the name of "keow"? There is so much about English pronunciation that "depends" that one can't help thinking the Chautauqua judges must have been very bold and very arbitrary in reaching their decision. Who knows to this day whether we ought to say "Chicawgo" or "Chicargo," or is absolutely certain that there is anything reasonable in calling "Pall Mall" "Pell Mell," or "Cholmondely" "Chumly"?

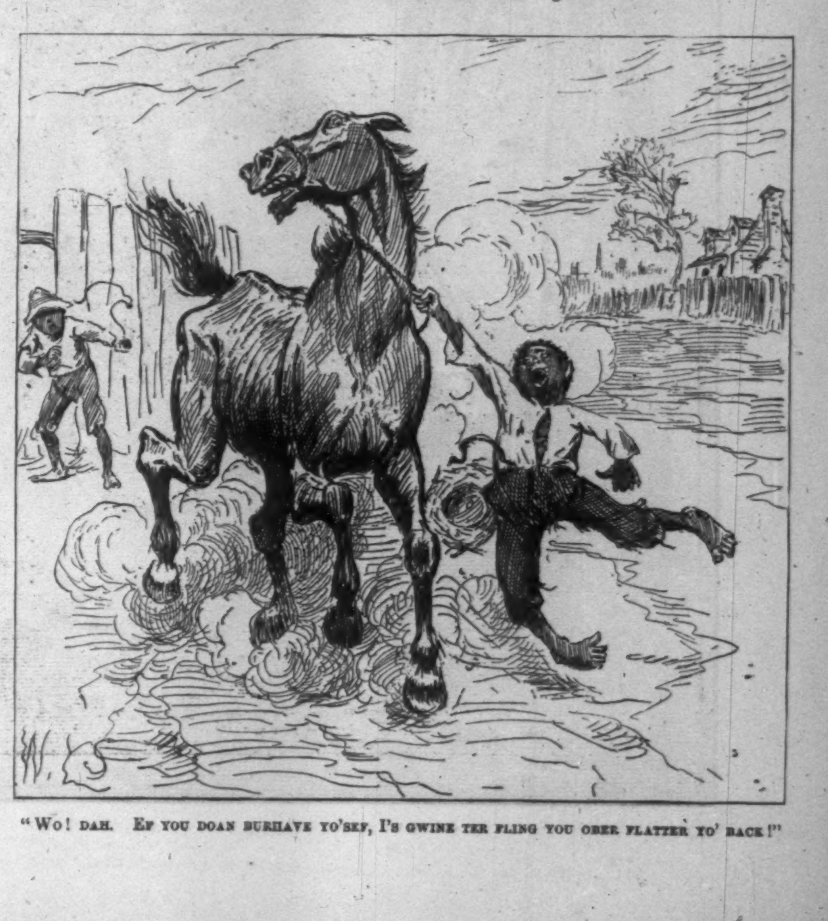
The metamorphosis undergone by Eastern newspaper reports travelling West is again illustrated. A Buffalo journal having announced that a new public clock was to be put up in that town, the clock grew bigger and bigger as the report journeyed toward the Rocky Mountains, until now we learn from Arizona that Buffalo is to have a clock seventy-five feet in diameter and elevated six hundred and three feet above the street, with figures eight feet in length, and a steam-engine to wind it up, and that it is believed that people in Cincinnati will be able to tell the time by it with the aid of telescopes.

A boring made for coal in Prussia has reached the depth of 4560 feet, and is said to be the deepest in the world. That is almost a mile into the earth's crust, which persons who pretend to know say is not more than fifty miles thick, so that now inquisitive man has only to bore forty-nine miles further in order to reach the molten interior, or to find that no such interior exists. It will seem to people who are sufficiently hopeful that we are on the verge of a great discovery.

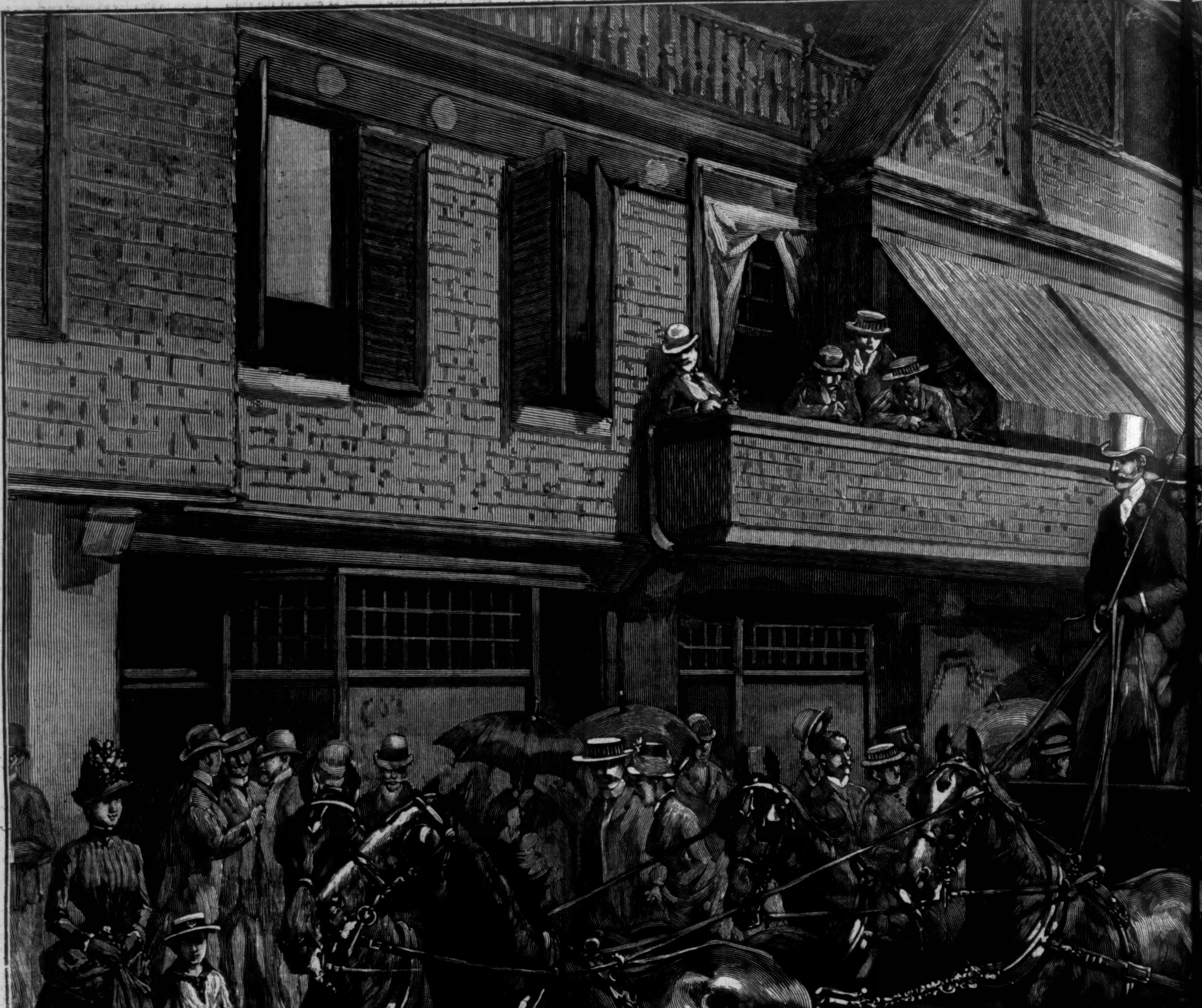
A Connecticut charcoal burner thought his dog was foolish to be barking all night at a June-bug or a cricket that was humming under the bed. To stop the dog's noise he got up at last to drive out the June-bug or the cricket, and found a rattlesnake instead. The moral of this is that one is not necessarily a fool because another mistakes a rattlesnake for a June-bug.

Mr. F. Wyneken, the editor of the *International Nautical Magazine* of this city, recently published an "Ice Code for the Vicinity of the Newfoundland Banks," which has been adopted by the leading transatlantic steam-ship lines. The United States Hydrographic Office also recommends it. The new code condenses signals so that navigators are enabled to communicate with one another regarding the ice with great facility. It is an improvement upon the international code of signals, and, in view of the greatly increased speed of steamers, was much needed.

It is declared that a New Jersey inventor has all but perfected a gigantic tricycle which is to roll through the surf in times of terrible storm to the assistance of shipwrecked people. Thirty feet is the height of this astonishing vehicle, and anybody can see that a person on top of it would not be troubled much by any ordinary surf, provided the machine remained right side up. But how it is to be kept right side up is what one cannot understand, unless it is so constructed that all its sides are right sides. It is intended that it shall proceed close up to the stranded ship, and take off the passengers without the need of cannons and life-jackets and other appliances which are nearly as terrible as death itself to nervous people, and that they shall be landed almost as comfortably as though the ship were tied up to a wharf. It is not promised, indeed, that the recovered persons shall be set ashore absolutely dry, but there is a strong presumption that if they are provided with mackintoshes and umbrellas they will get no wetter than they would in any hard rain-storm. It will be seen that the new life-preserver will have to be more sturdy than the wrecked ship, in order to resist the force of the seas, and less stationary than an iron pier, in order to reach the place of need. If it could have sliding bolts running in movable slots and riveted in China, of course anybody could see that it would be all right.



"WO! DAH. EF YOU DOAN BURHAVE YO'SEF, I'S GWINE TER FLING YOU OBER FLATTER YO' BACK!"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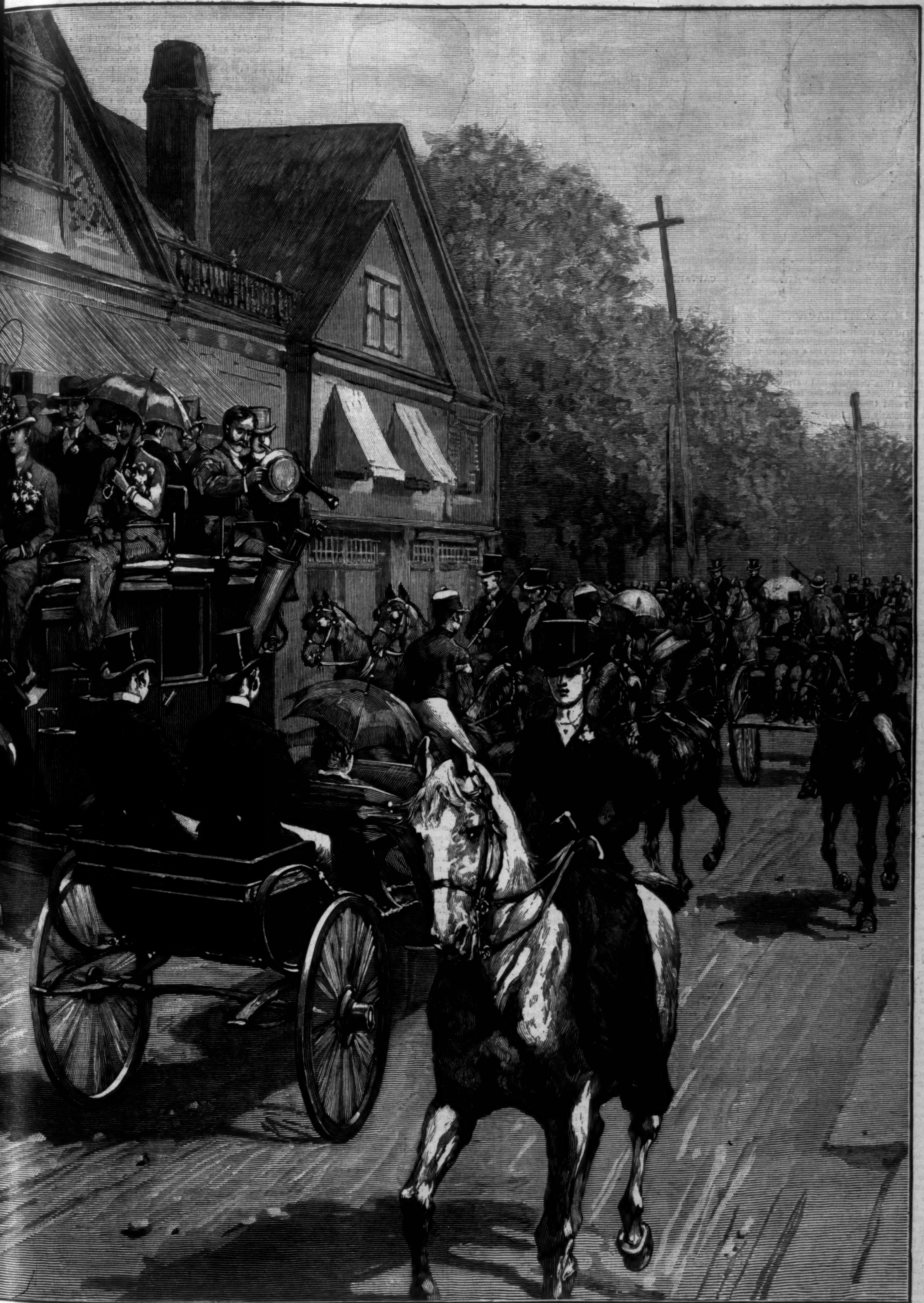
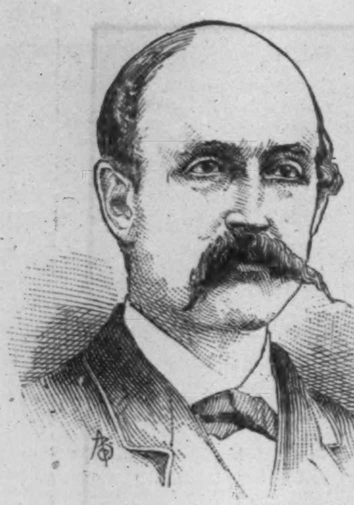
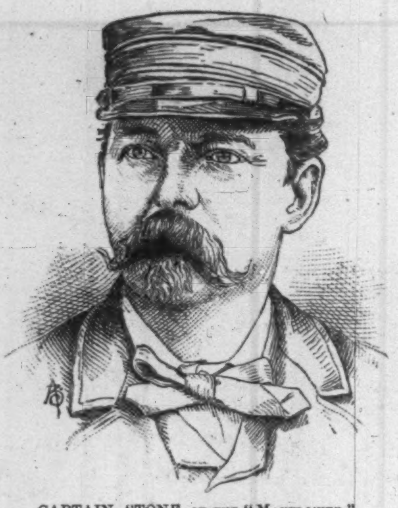


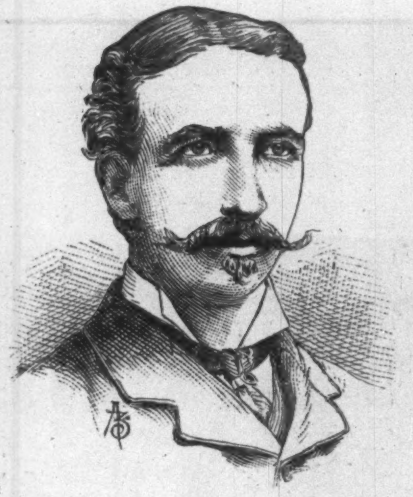
SINO.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 606.]



GENERAL PAINE, Owner of the "Mayflower."



CAPTAIN STONE, of the "Mayflower."



J. BEAVOR-WEBB, Designer of the "Galatea."

THE YACHT RACES.

The result of the two races between Lieutenant Henn's British cutter *Galatea* and General Paine's sloop *Mayflower* for the *America's* cup, on the 7th and 9th of September, once more conclusively proves that the light displacement centre-board yacht is faster than the deep and narrow cutter of great displacement. In the fine race over the New York Yacht Club course on the 7th the wind was extremely light from the south, giving the yachts a dead beat from the starting line at Bay Ridge to the turning buoys on the Southwest Spit. There was just a light sailing breeze and a fair tide until a point just below the Narrows had been reached, and from there to the buoy the tide as well as the wind was ahead, and the yachts worked down the ship channel in short tacks. The superiority of the American sloop was apparent, and she gained with every tack. When about two-thirds of the distance to the Spit had been covered, the two yachts were on opposite sides of the channel, the *Mayflower* on the west and the cutter on the east side; the wind backed from south to south-southwest, giving the British yacht a favorable slant, and heading the other yacht off, so that she could not make her full reach, and had to tack when she got in the course—that is, right ahead—of the cutter. She certainly lost half her lead by this shift of the wind, and yet was able to beat the British yacht over five minutes to the Southwest Spit buoy.

Admitting that as alleged, and as seemed to be the case, the cutter, sailed by Mr. Beavor-Webb, was kept too close to the wind, and did not have as good a chance as she might have had, it will not explain sufficiently the long lead of the sloop, and it must be admitted by the most ardent advocate of the cutter model that under the conditions then prevailing—that is, a light working breeze and smooth water—the sloop is the superior. She was admirably sailed by Captain Stone.

To the light-ship the yachts went close-hauled, neither of them being able to quite fetch the mark. The sloop fell in about a mile to leeward of it, the cutter about a half-mile, showing that she had been pinched nearer the wind, but had not forereached as fast, for the sloop again beat her about four minutes from the Spit buoy to the ship. Coming in, the conditions were still different, the wind being about abeam, and the yachts reaching with sheets well lifted. No excuse of too much pinching could be made for the passage over this part of the course; each carried the same canvas, and again the gain of the sloop was over three minutes. From the buoy to the finish was a run, and here the cutter had an advantage, the wind freshening, and she catching the increase first, and once more the figures show a gain for the sloop, although only by a matter of seconds. So then to windward, at reaching and at running, the centre-board sloop showed herself superior in the conditions then prevailing.

On the 9th the race—or rather the attempt to race—was out on the ocean twenty miles east by north from the *Scotland* Light-ship and return. The wind at the start, east by north, hauling as far south as east-southeast, and then backing to east by north again. It was moderate for the whole course, but there was quite a jump of a sea. Previous to the start, the weather looking a bit threatening, the cutter shifted jibs, sending up No. 2, and let her bowsprit come in a bit; she also set No. 2 staysail. As it turned out, she needed the larger sails, but that did not account for the very decided beating she received in the weather work, she being so far behind when the *Mayflower* turned the mark buoy that she bore up and ran home. The *Mayflower* kept on for home before the wind, but failed to make the race within the stipulated period of seven hours. September 11, a second attempt to sail this off-shore race was barely successful, the *Mayflower* making the course in eleven minutes less than seven hours, and the *Galatea* in eighteen minutes more. The difference of twenty-nine minutes was about equally divided between the run out and the return to windward, the *Mayflower's* gain in the former being thirteen minutes, and in the latter sixteen. Much of this latter lead, however, was due to a slant of wind favorable to the sloop.

If the record of the yachts may be taken as a guide to an opinion, it does not seem as though the *Irex*, should she come here next season, will have any very reasonable chance of capturing the *America's* Cup, and that the only hope of British yachtsmen to wrest this trophy—representing the yachting superiority of the world—from the Americans will be to give their designers and builders *carte blanche* as to model and expense, and, without regard to the restrictive rule of the Yacht Racing Association, let them have a chance to turn out the fastest boat possible. This will not be done, in all probability, for some years to come, and it is tolerably certain that the recent contest for the *America's* Cup will be the last that will be sailed for at least five years.

COACHING AT NEWPORT.

The annual coaching parade in this city and the annual coaching parade at Newport, although made up as a general rule of identically the same drags and four-in-hands, are quite distinct and dissimilar affairs from almost any point of view. The New York parade takes place at that time of the year when summer and midsummer toilets are still delightful anticipations. The ladies who "sit on the roofs," as a New York reporter once termed the tops of the coaches, are dressed in those garments which, like the voices of the early robins, record the coming rather than the arrival of the happy season of out-door airing. The Newport parade occurs, if not at midsummer, not very long afterward. There is an airy fleeciness about that particular part of the spectacle for which the ladies are responsible that is lacking at the parade in this city. There is also a greater air of earnestness about the drive at Newport. This is no doubt explained by the fact that the roads are better. Here in New York the meet of the coaches is in Central Park, and the route is perforce down Fifth Avenue. No matter how skilful you may be as a whip, you can't, or at all events you couldn't prior to the laying of the present new pavement on that thoroughfare, journey up or down Fifth Avenue with that exhilarating sense of motion which has been aptly described as "bowling along." There is an inevitable decorum and a sense of preliminary practice for future four-in-hand driving about the New York parade. In Newport it is different. It will not do to say that Newport was apparently laid out with a view to the successful enjoyment of driving four-in-hand, for as a matter of fact the streets of what used to be called the city proper are not any too wide nor too smooth nor too level for the easy progress of a green-grocer's wagon or a wheelbarrow. But splendid modern drives and thoroughfares have grown up in and around the historic old town, and it would be difficult now to find a better route for a coaching-club parade than is furnished by what is known as the "Ocean Drive."

It was over the Ocean Drive from the Ocean House and back to Kay Street, a distance of about ten miles, that the latest coaching parade took place. No two coaches were alike, and all were splendidly equipped. First came an all-red coach drawn by two browns and a black and white pair. Next came a coach painted a dark blue with stripings of cream-color, which was drawn by a well-matched quartette of bay horses. This was followed by a coach the body of which was pink, with an under-carriage of straw-color, to which gorgeous equipage were attached a cross-matched pair of brown and chestnut wheelers, the leaders being bay and gray. A blue coach with bright red under-carriage or running gear was next in line, to which were driven two bays at the wheels and a chestnut and brown pair as leaders. After this came a coach the brown body of which was set upon red running gear, and which was drawn by bay and gray wheel-horses and chestnut and gray leaders. A primrose coach, with four beautifully matched bays, was next in the procession, and was followed by a coach of dark green with orange under-carriage, drawn by four high-stepping brown horses. The eighth and last coach had also a dark green body set upon bright yellow running gear, and was drawn by a pair of fine bay wheelers, led by two well-matched grays.

THE ANTI-SALOON REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT.

Kansas is a stronghold both of Prohibition and of Republicanism, and it was in Kansas that the anti-saloon Republican movement last year had its beginning. During the temperance agitation, and during the first year of the prohibitory law there, prohibition became an article of Republican faith to a large number of the members of the party. But even in Kansas it was not universally so held, and the national Republican party has never become a prohibition party. Having despaired of it as a means of accomplishing the suppression of the liquor traffic, a number of Republicans like ex-Governor St. John have become members of the "third" or national prohibition party. But many more have not yet despaired; they doubt the ability of the third party to accomplish its purpose; and they regard the better regulation or the total abolition of the traffic in drink as the main duty that now awaits the Republican party. Following, therefore, the secession of some Republican prohibitionists to the prohibition party is a movement by other Republican prohibitionists and temperance men to quicken the party to greater activity against the traffic; and this is the origin of the anti-saloon Republican agitation.

This agitation to make hostility to liquor-dealing a part of the national Republican creed was definitely begun early last winter, and a conference was held in Kansas. On December 1 an address was issued, signed by several hundred Republicans in the State, "to all enemies of the dram-shop." An organizing committee, consisting of Mr. Albert Griffin, of Manhattan, Rev. R. Wake, of Abilene, and Mr. E. C. Wheeler, of Topeka, was appointed to secure the coöperation of Republicans in other States. In their address they set forth that "temperance legislation has seldom, if ever, been secured by non-partisan support against partisan opposition, and hereafter non-partisan action in the Northern States will amount to an abandonment of the legislative field," since "an overwhelming majority of Northern prohibitionists are Republicans." They declared that "it is absolutely essential that the Republican party shall be everywhere put on a platform of uncompromising hostility to the saloon." They called a National Convention of Republicans who agree with them, to meet on May 19 at Toledo, Ohio, but a subsequent call set September 16 as the date and Chicago as the place of meeting. Every State has been requested to send four times as many delegates as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. In this subsequent call stress was laid on the necessity of the Republican party's action, not only for the sake of the temperance movement, but for the sake of the party as well; for "the very existence of the party," it was said, "is at stake," and "it is now losing at both ends of the line, and gaining from nowhere." The opinion of the most active promoters of the movement is that "the party should not be asked to commit itself nationally to or against any specific law," but that it should take such a stand in favor of temperance legislation "that the men engaged in the liquor business will recognize the party as their enemy, and leave its ranks."

The Republican State Conventions of Vermont, Maine, and Iowa approved the call for such a National Conference, and gave their committees authority to appoint delegates to attend it. In New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York, Kansas, and other Northern States, State Conferences have been held, at which delegates were chosen to the National Conference, and from most of the other Northern States, even if no organization has yet been effected, Republicans will go as self-constituted delegates. The National Conference will therefore not speak as the Republican party, but as Republicans to their party. The promoters of the movement report that more than half the Republican members of the United States Senate and a large number of Congressmen and other prominent party leaders have expressed themselves in favor of this policy, and their hope is that they will cause State Republican Conventions to commit the party either to greater restriction or to abolition of the trade in drink, and the next National Republican Convention to such action as will satisfy all temperance Republicans, and make the party the instrument of this reform. In advance, however, the prohibitionists who have seceded to the third party are taking no part in the movement.

The most active promoter of this plan to retain prohibitionist Republicans in the Republican party, and to use the party to work out the reform, is Mr. Albert Griffin, of Manhattan, Kansas. Mr. Griffin was chosen chairman of the Organizing Committee, and he at once went about his work with zeal. He has spent most of his time, since the National Conference was called, in the Eastern States, seeking the coöperation of prominent Republicans, and effecting the organization of the anti-saloon Republicans into State Committees and Conferences. Mr. Griffin became prominent in this movement, was elevated, indeed, to the most prominent position, during this early stage of the agitation, by reason of his zealous work in Kansas to make Republicanism and Prohibition synonymous. He is the editor of a Republican anti-saloon paper, the *Nationalist*, at Manhattan, and in all the temperance agitation in his State he has taken an earnest and at times a prominent part. He is a man now past fifty, but as vigorous as he is enthusiastic. The importance of the National Conference will be measurable in two ways—first, by the effect it may have in persuading the Republican party to adopt the policy it advises, and, on the other side, by the effect which a refusal of the party generally to adopt this policy may have in causing a larger secession from the Republican to the Prohibition party.

GERONIMO'S SURRENDER.

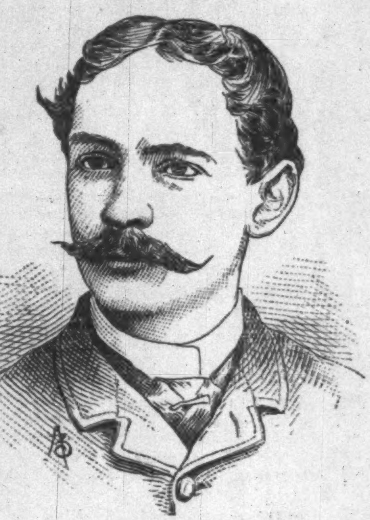
The capture of the fierce Chiricahua chief Geronimo, through the indomitable energy and endurance of Captain H. W. Lawton and his command, aided by coöperating forces, will add fresh laurels to the Department Commander, General Nelson A. Miles. The career of this distinguished soldier has been one of remarkable success. Starting in the ranks of a Massachusetts militia company at the outbreak of the civil war, he made his way up to the command of a division of the Second Corps, and fought it from the Rapidan to the Appomattox, becoming known as one of the ablest soldiers in the Army of the Potomac. Adopting the profession for which he had thus disclosed rare aptitude, he showed himself one of the very few who could pluck renown even from Indian campaigns, proverbially prolific of hard work and reproaches rather than of glory. He took part in the expedition against the Cheyennes and Comanches, and then, ten years ago, after the Custer massacre, made a famous campaign into the Sioux country, pursuing the Indians through the deep snows of an exceptionally severe winter, fought several battles with them, and forced Sitting Bull to take flight into Canada. Next General Miles encountered and after a hard battle defeated and captured Chief Joseph's band of Nez Percés, who had baffled or beaten off command after command of their pursuers, and were just about to escape to Canada. It was his fortune also to come across the hostile Bannocks, whom he defeated at Clark's Fork. His promotion from the Coloneley of the Fifth Infantry to a Brigadier-Generalship carried him to the Department of the Columbia, where he succeeded in quieting some Indian complaints. When in July of last year General Augur's retirement required a new Commander for the Department of the Missouri to deal with the uneasy Cheyennes and Arrapahoes of the Indian Territory, General Miles was summoned. Again when, last spring, General Crook applied to be relieved from the Department of Arizona, where he had been fighting the Apaches, General Miles was selected to take up the hard task, which he has now brought to complete triumph.

We may well say, therefore, that the success of General Miles in Indian campaigning has been extraordinary; and of his victories over Sitting Bull, Chief Joseph, and Geronimo, the last is perhaps the most important to the country. The wily and cruel Chiricahua Apache, who has been so often on the war-path, having broken promises to live at peace, escaped in May, 1885, from his reservation in Arizona, with forty-two warriors and ninety-two women and children, and throughout that year spread devastation on the southwest frontier, murdering scores of persons, men, women, and children, often with fiendish cruelty. Last winter Captain Crawford hunted him down in Mexico, where, being worn out and lacking supplies, he agreed to surrender to General Crook at San Bernardino Ranch. But when, last March, between seventy and eighty of his band, chiefly women and children, although a few famous warriors like Chihuahua and Nana were among them, had accepted General Crook's clemency, the suspicious Geronimo and his immediate armed followers, fearing punishment, and under the influence of liquor, which they had unfortunately procured, broke away again.

It was then that General Miles came into command and took up the difficult duty. During the month of April Geronimo reëntered Arizona, killing many unarmed people on his raid. General Miles sent all his available forces in pursuit, and during six weeks various commands followed the hostiles eight hundred miles in a mountainous country, skirmishing with them indecisively three times, while the Mexicans, who coöperated, had fought them twice. Troops were stationed at the water-holes, signal detachments placed on the mountains, and the utmost energy enjoined.

The prodigious difficulties and hardships of a midsummer campaign in such a country against such a foe have been recently set forth to the readers of the Weekly. Although the troops operating against Geronimo were as a hundred to one, it was only the few at any moment nearest to him that he specially needed to fear. First he put his women and children in a secret stronghold in the Sierra Madre. Then with his warriors, who found enough horses in plundered ranches, but were able to travel fifty miles a day afoot, frequently taking to the mountains, where horsemen could not pursue, tireless, fierce, able to subdue the calls of hunger and thirst till food and water at hand could satisfy them, they for months held their own, armed as they were with the best modern breech-loaders. The troops needed trains to bring up food, and were by no means so well acquainted with the country. But at length converging forces drove the hostiles across the line into Sonora, and there Lawton, heading the relentless chase with his Indian scouts, for weeks together gave them little rest. About the middle of August Geronimo, worn down, proposed to surrender to the Mexicans, but finding this impracticable, he yielded to General Miles, Captain Lawton having meanwhile, with the aid of other troops, completely barred his retreat.

Throughout this trying campaign, whose conduct demands so much praise for the indomitable energy and endurance of our brave officers and men, General Miles has never expressed the remotest doubt that success would one day be assured.



C. BOWYER VAUX,
Winner of the International Canoe Cup.

THE CANOE RACES.

The International Canoe Challenge Cup offered by the New York Canoe Club was finally won on the 8th inst. by the canoe *Lassie*, owned and sailed by Mr. Calvert Bowyer Vaux, of this city, whose portrait is published in this issue. The first two races occurred on the 4th inst., and were won respectively by Mr. Baden-Powell's *Nautilus* and Mr. Vaux's *Lassie*. This necessitated a third race, which was attempted on the 6th, but as the distance was not covered within the required time, the *Nautilus*, although crossing the line first, failed to secure the cup, and in the next attempt, two days later, as has been said, victory came to the American canoe. It was an exciting race, and the enthusiasm of the New York Canoe Club in the victory of the *Lassie* over her two English competitors knew no bounds. It was a noticeable fact that Mr. Baden-Powell adopted and imitated the tactics of the Yankee skipper in sitting out to windward on the deck of his canoe, instead of lying flat in the cockpit, after the English method.

Mr. Vaux, who has won the International Cup, may be regarded as a typical American canoeist. He is a son of Calvert Vaux, the well-known architect of this city, and he has been devoted to the paddle and the sail ever since he was a small boy at a Massachusetts boarding-school. His first racing canoe, which he purchased in 1877, was built on lines sent to America by the same Mr. Baden-Powell who was his chief competitor in the recent contests. The following year he purchased a "Shadow" model canoe designed by Mr. W. L. Alden, now United States Consul-General at Rome. This was the third "Shadow" canoe ever built by James Everson, of Williamsburg, and it proved to be a remarkably speedy craft. It was named the *Dot*, and after its owner joined the New York Canoe Club, and began to take part in their races, the number of prizes won by the *Dot* were almost beyond counting. She raced for three years for the New York Canoe Club Challenge Cup, and finally won the five races necessary to its possession.

In 1884 the *Dot* was sold, and was taken by her new owner to Florida waters, where to-day she is said to be ever in readiness for a race. Mr. Vaux's next craft was called the *Sea Bee*, but finding it too large to handle conveniently, he replaced it in 1885 with the now famous *Lassie*. The *Lassie* won her maiden race at the New York Canoe Club's fall regatta in October last, and later a cup offered for canoes by a member of the Jersey City Yacht Club. Mr. Vaux has been an unusually successful sailor, and is the possessor of more prizes than any other canoeist in the country. He has edited the *American Canoeist*, a monthly paper devoted to this sport, for two years, and is also the author of *Canoe Handling*, a little text-book telling how to use and keep canoes. He was born at Fishkill, New York, in February, 1855.

EARTHQUAKES IN CITIES.

The recent calamity to one of our sister cities naturally recalls the story of similar disasters in the past, and it is worthy of notice how seldom cities have suffered severely from earthquakes. London has frequently been shaken by them, but has never known any serious consequences. Its earthquake of February, 1751, is the most startling it has ever known. It was preceded in January by a remarkable aurora. At night an intense red light spread over the northeastern sky, and men fancied a great fire must be raging over the land. In February a fearful storm with peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, a tempest of wind and blinding hail and rain terrified the whole island. At last on the 8th of February the earthquake came. Between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon the city was shaken to its centre. Houses trembled, furniture moved on the floors, the bells rang of their own accord, china and pewter rattled on the shelves, and a deep sound was heard like that of the fall of some heavy object. The shock was felt only in the city and its environs. The terrified people were soon reassured. But a month afterward, between five and six o'clock in the morning, a still more violent shock aroused them. It was ushered in by flashes of lightning and a low rumbling noise like that "of a carriage rolling over a hollow pavement." Again furniture rocked, bells were rung, houses shook to their foundations, and the terrified people rushed from their beds half-clad into the streets. But this was all. No life was lost; no houses fell. A mad prophet foretold a still greater shock that in a month would destroy London and Westminster, and all was consternation. Thousands left the city. On the 8th of April, the day foretold, people fled from their houses and gathered at night in the parks and fields. But no new shock came. The terror passed, and London has never since felt the destroyer's power.

Rome has quivered at times on its foundations ever since its first settlement. All its neighborhood is volcanic. The Curtian pit that opened in the Forum was no doubt produced by an earthquake. Since then for twenty centuries the city has never ceased at times to tremble. Yet it has suffered no serious disasters. The graceful dome of St. Peter's, hung high on its lofty columns, would seem to invite the first efforts of the destroyer. It has escaped them all. "Its great height," said Stendhal, "makes one tremble when one thinks that Italy is constantly agitated by earthquakes, that the soil of Rome is volcanic, and that in a moment we might be deprived of the fairest monument that exists." He tells of two monks who were in the ball of St. Peter's during the earthquake shock of 1730. It produced such intense terror that one of them died on the spot. Naples, apparently still more exposed than Rome to this danger, has never suffered any serious evils. Often its great population have been driven from their homes by terror when Vesuvius has been active, or the earth has trembled around them, but Naples has remained almost unharmed. It has seen its sister cities Pompeii and Herculaneum disappear, and Messina and Catania lie crushed in ruins. It is seated in the midst of volcanic lakes and geysers, under the shadow of Ætna and Vesuvius

No event ever more startled Europe than the destruction of Lisbon in 1755. It seemed incredible. Dr. Johnson refused for some time to believe it. "Why," men asked, "was Lisbon, of all other cities, selected for this dreadful chastisement?" For Lisbon had never known any serious disaster from earthquakes, and had seemed more secure than Rome or Florence, yet the city was almost entirely levelled to the ground. A tidal wave swept over it. Thirty thousand of its inhabitants perished in that awful moment. The shock was felt across the Atlantic. Chimneys fell in Boston, and Charleston trembled. But when the terror passed away, Lisbon was rebuilt; it rose from its ruins, and for more than a century has lived on unharmed and more than ever prosperous. The Sicilian cities Messina, Palermo, and Syracuse have been the favorite victims of the earthquake. The Spanish cities Malaga and Granada, and even Madrid, suffered last year from fatal and incessant shocks. The Greek islands, Ischia (near Naples), and recently all interior Greece, have been ravaged and shaken. It would seem that an earthquake track lies amidst the fairer regions of the earth.

In ancient history the most memorable earthquake was that of the reign of Tiberius. The fairest of the Greek cities along the Ionian shore fell before it. Touched by the common sorrows of humanity, even the cruel Emperor sent lavish aid to the suffering people. Ephesus and its sister cities arose in new splendor only to be stricken again and again by the unseen destroyer. In Justinian's reign all the known world was desolated by a constant succession of earthquakes. The globe itself seemed convulsed by some internal struggle. Yet it is remarkable that amidst this long series of disasters, reaching over a thousand years, the finer works of man has survived them all. The Acropolis and the Parthenon lived until they were wrecked by Turk and Venetian. The Roman roads still bound men together. Roman aqueducts and bridges covered France and Spain. The column of Trajan still stands unharmed at Rome. The Pantheon still lifts its graceful dome, untouched by the storms and earthquakes of nineteen centuries.

It is these irremediable sorrows that teach us we are men; they awaken the instinct of communal love. The whole nation bends in warm affection over the sorrowing people of its afflicted cities. It feels their pain, it shares their grief; and no liberality that the national or State governments can show toward our brothers in their sorrow but will meet with the general support of all our people.

Eugene Lawrence.

BATH AND ITS SPRINGS.

By DR. TITUS MUNSON COAN.

Beautiful Bath! For many years during the last century this was the most famous of English, if not of European, spas, and though less frequented of recent years than formerly, it remains one of the most attractive places in Europe. Many a writer has vied with another in sounding the praises of the place. Carlyle, echoing Landor and others, calls Bath "the prettiest town in all England." It would be hard to find a lovelier place than this city of 53,000 people, situated in a charming valley of Somersetshire, on the two banks of the river Avon. Its vogue is ancient and distinguished. Queen Elizabeth went to Bath; it is fortunate that Shakespeare had no occasion to resort to these healing waters. In that case he might have given us the "Dyspeptic's Pilgrimage" instead of the "Passionate Pilgrim." But since Queen Elizabeth's time nearly all the sovereigns of England have made visits to this attractive place, some twenty royal visits being recorded by chroniclers.

The history of the place dates from the remotest antiquity. Prince Bladud was the traditional founder of Bath. This was in the time of the Trojan war, when, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Brutus, the son of Æneas, conquered the island, and changed its name from Albion to Britain. Bladud, his son, was smitten with leprosy, and hired himself out as a swineherd in the neighborhood of Bath. His pigs took the leprosy of their master. Bladud drove them all up the banks of the Avon, and into the steaming morass of these springs. They were cured; the invalid prince plunged in after them, and was cured also. He promptly quitted his pigs for his principality. He ascended the throne, and founded the city of Bath on the site of the wonder-working springs. His luck did not last forever. He invented wings to fly with. Instead of remaining contented with inventing, he unhappily tried on the wings; and, in attempting to fly, King Bladud fell and broke his neck. But Bath was founded.

Legend aside, it is certain that this neighborhood was frequented at least a thousand years B.C. During the Roman occupation the baths were frequented, for the Romans knew a good thing when they found it. Many of their villas and comfortable mansions have been uncovered by antiquarians; their homes are found in the pleasantest spots in the valley of the Avon. When the Roman legions withdrew from Britain, in the year 410, black night fell again upon the history of the city, as upon that of so many others during the Middle Ages. After being ravished by wars in which King Arthur's name was famous, the place was nearly deserted. It reappears in the tenth century, when King Edgar was crowned in its abbey.

Since then the history of Bath has been that of steady growth, culminating in the eighteenth century in a period of great splendor. It was made the fashion by a dashing young fellow named Richard Nash, a favorite at the court of King William the Third, who found in Bath a field for his brilliant gifts. He provided promenades and music and magnificent "assembly" or ball rooms. The fashion of all England followed him. They called him "Beau," or "King" Nash, and he wielded a sway so despotic that not even an English princess ventured to break his rules. Under Beau Nash the splendid streets which are still the glory of Bath were raised by able architects, whose dream was to adorn this valley with the beauties of Grecian architecture. During the eighteenth century Bath was essentially a metropolis; it was as necessary to be known in Bath as in London. Thither came politicians, literary men, theologians—all the world of eminent and famous people. And when the social conditions changed and made London the exclusive metropolis, this preëminence passed away; and with it unfortunately passed away too much of the vogue which these excellent thermal waters deserve.

What are these waters themselves, and what are their uses? They are classed among the calcic thermal waters. They are the warmest springs in England; they range from 104° to 120° Fahrenheit. Besides others, one of which is open to the public at a nominal price, there are three principal springs—the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, and the Cross Bath. They pour forth a clear and almost colorless fluid, which sometimes, however, presents a light sea-green tint, and sometimes a pale blue. Its taste is very mildly saline. Carbonic acid gas rises through the baths in large clusters of bubbles; any one who has tried them will remember the delicious sensation they cause.

And how are these waters used? Principally in baths of many forms and varieties, and they are also used internally. Their effect is stimulating and appetizing. There are four large bath establishments, which are full, though no longer so crowded as in their great time. One of their principal uses is for dyspeptics, among whom the record of cures is something astonishing. In debility resulting from injuries, in torpid forms of gout, in chronic rheumatism, in lead paralysis, they always relieve, and often cure, and they have an ancient and well-deserved fame in the cure of uterine obstructions. Some physicians also recommend the baths for skin diseases; but for these some of the stronger Continental springs are usually preferable. There is no doubt of the efficacy of the springs of Bath for the complaints that I first indicated, and it is unfortunate that the social decline of the place should have involved its neglect as a health resort. It is an indication of the fault registered by Byron in his well-known verse, "The English dearly loved a lord." But of recent years the rehabilitation of Bath is actively going on. So charming a place, such perfectly appointed baths, such undoubted cures, could not have been neglected for all these years in any country less devoted to its artistocracy than England. Bath is one of the pleasantest places in Europe, and it will certainly recover as much of its former vogue as depends upon the natural charm of the place and upon the intrinsic value of its mild but efficacious waters.

The visitor to Bath, as to any other spa, should leave all his troubles at home. Arrived at the springs, he should follow strictly a prescribed regimen as to diet, food, exercise, and recreation. For the choice of residence he will find ample range among houses and hotels. Many of the buildings, indeed, are erected specially for the accommodation of invalids, and they present every refinement of solid English comfort.

Bath is the warmest inland town in Great Britain during the winter season, and the establishments are open throughout the year. The full benefit of the baths is generally not wholly developed until two or three weeks after the discontinuance of the treatment.

It must be added that some cases are contraindicated for the Bath treatment. Sufferers from plethora, from recent apoplexy, from paralysis, from phthisis, and from scrofula, must avoid these baths; they will be injured instead of benefited. And without expert medical advice no one should take the responsibility of choosing a mineral spring. With such advice, the right spring is an excellent means of cure, and Bath is one of the best of them.

FIGHTING KITES IN INDIA.

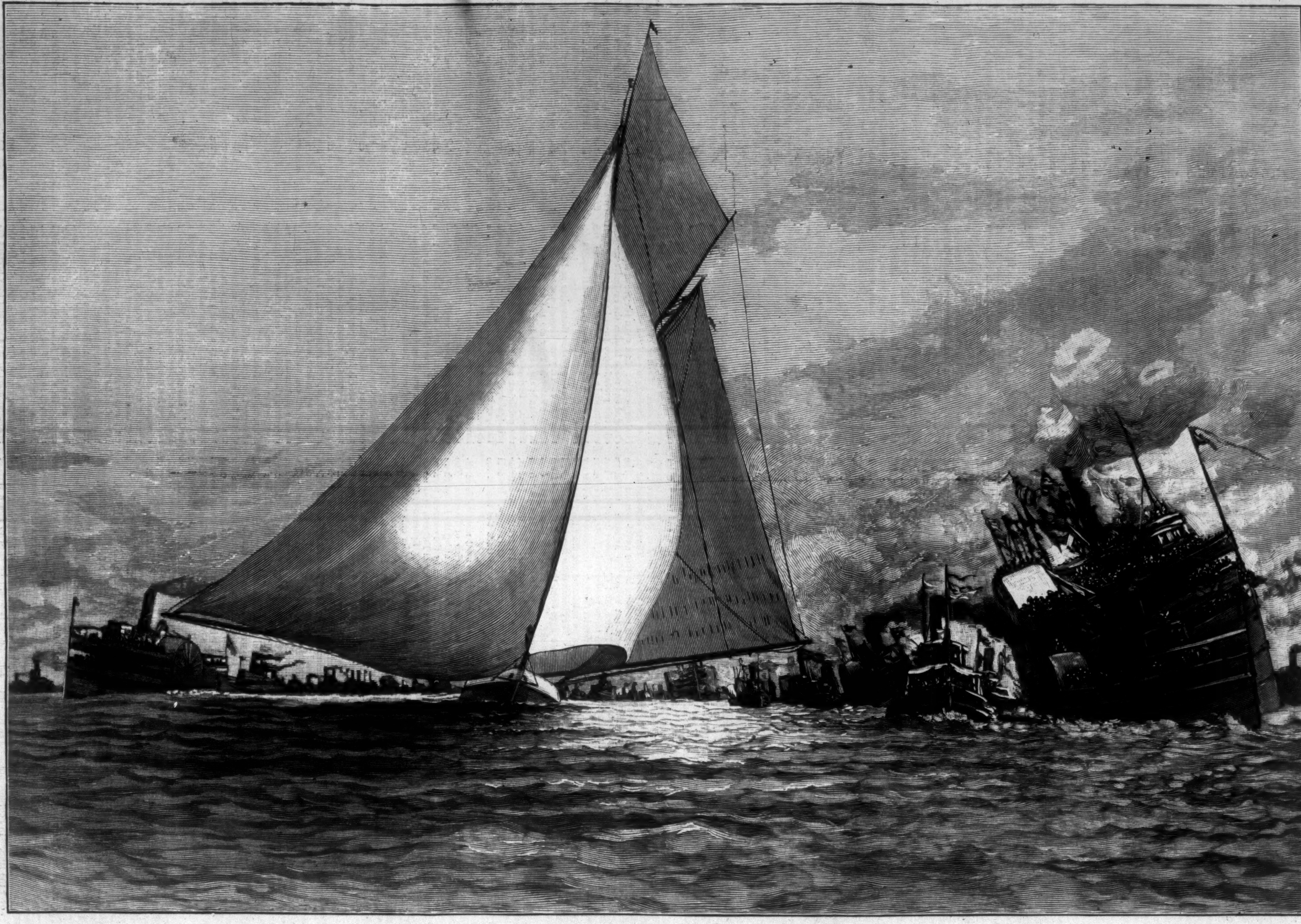
In India there are shops where they sell kites very cheap, so very few people make them at home. Besides, it wants a fine and practised hand to make the thin, well-balanced fighting kites. They are made of one (square) shape, but of various sizes, the smallest being eight inches square, and the largest two feet square. The most common and useful ones are a foot square. Very thin but strong paper, resembling tissue or cigarette paper, of all colors, is used for the purpose. But whether the kite is made of one or different pieces of paper, it must be of the same thickness throughout. The backbone is a straight, flat, strong, well-finished lath, and the bow is made out of a cane or a piece of pliant wood half as thick as the backbone, round and knotless. The latter must be of equal thickness and weight throughout its whole length, as on it mainly depends the balance of the kite. The tail, which is merely a finish or an ornament, is triangular or round, measuring only two or three inches at the longest.

Strong card thread is used to fly kites with. The English manufacturers would be surprised to learn the amount of cotton thread consumed in India for this purpose, one lad using as much as 10,000 yards in the course of a year. Silken thread is also used, though rarely. The knots joining the pieces being made fine, smooth, and strong, the whole length of the thread is drawn through a mixture of fine pounded glass and light starch, which gives it a keen edge. The dried thread, which is now ready for fighting purposes, is then wound up on a wooden frame resembling a spool. Great ingenuity is spent in making this spool or roller light, useful, and handsome.

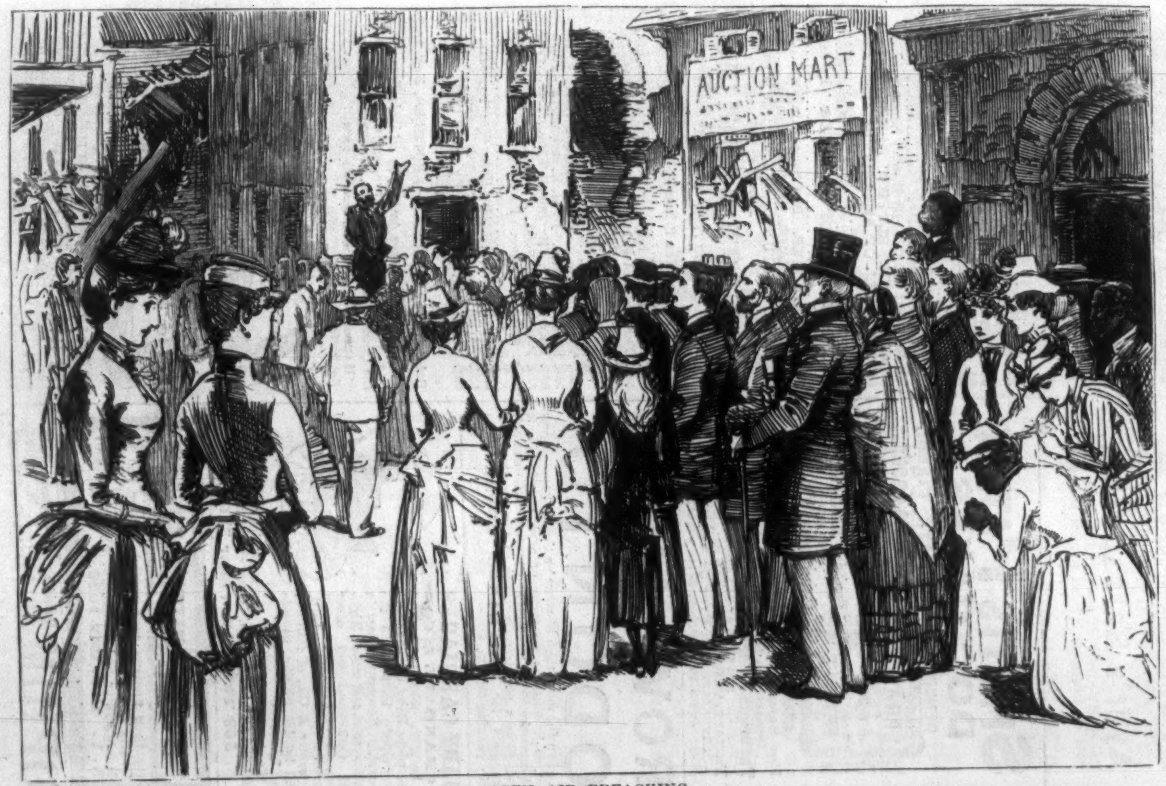
Next, as to the motion of the kite. Two pieces exactly equal in length off the main thread are tied to the kite, one at the meeting-point of the bow and the backbone; the other, a few inches lower, to the backbone only. There are two useful kinds of motion besides the ordinary straight one—the wheeling motion, in which the kite wheels round and round, and the quivering motion, in which its head keeps on quivering sideways as it flies upward—both being very graceful. A practised hand can give to the kite either motion as he pleases. Of course a good deal depends on the proper fastening of the kite. If it wheels too much, you must make the lower fastening-thread shorter; or if it leans too much on one side, you should stick a piece of paper or fine linen to the bow on the other side. There are other little means to regulate the motion of a kite.

As in all warfare, great skill and practice are required to fight well with kites, and manœuvring counts a great deal in paper actions. Sometimes the enemy has certain advantages over you: for instance, his house is higher than yours (in India kites are usually flown from the flat tops of houses), commanding a greater swoop; or his kite may be a little bigger than yours, in which case his thread will have a greater tension. These disadvantages one must learn to counteract; but these are details. There are two methods of fighting—the *pull* method and the *loose* method. In the former, which is the quicker and more skilful of the two, you attack the enemy by leading your kite by a deep swoop under the other, and then at a judicious time pulling it so fast that your antagonist will fail to make the point where your thread touches his loose enough by letting out his thread. You have a good chance of cutting his thread then. In the other method, which is more common, and which requires great patience and watchfulness, you lead your kite either over or under his, and then let out the thread, in which he follows. One has to be careful in this kind of fight as to which of the two motions—the wheeling or the quivering—he gives to the kite at different times. The chances of winning are increased by a keener edge, a favorable breeze, or other small advantages. One might think that, everything being equal, it is a mere chance that you will cut the thread of your rival. But in this, as in many other things which look simple and seem to depend on chance, a good deal of cleverness and practice go to make up a fair victory. An evenly matched fight in this method lasts a long time, and great is the joy of winning. Sometimes the kites go so far that you can hardly see them, or it gets quite dark; in that case the fight has to end in an unsatisfactory draw.

With some, kite-fighting changes from a pastime into a passion. All work, and even eating and sleeping, are abandoned in order to perfect one's self in this art. And great is the excitement which follows a good fight; sometimes (fortunately it is not common) high wagers are laid on it. In small towns there are champion kite-fighters, who devote as much time and attention to kites as some people do to boating and wrestling. In kite-flying there is no distinction of rank or caste or age. The young and the old all take an equal delight in it. You do not come into close contact with other kite-fliers, and it being an inexpensive game, anybody can indulge in it.



THE FIRST RACE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP, SEPTEMBER 7—THE "MAYFLOWER" CROSSING THE LINE A WINNER.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 606.]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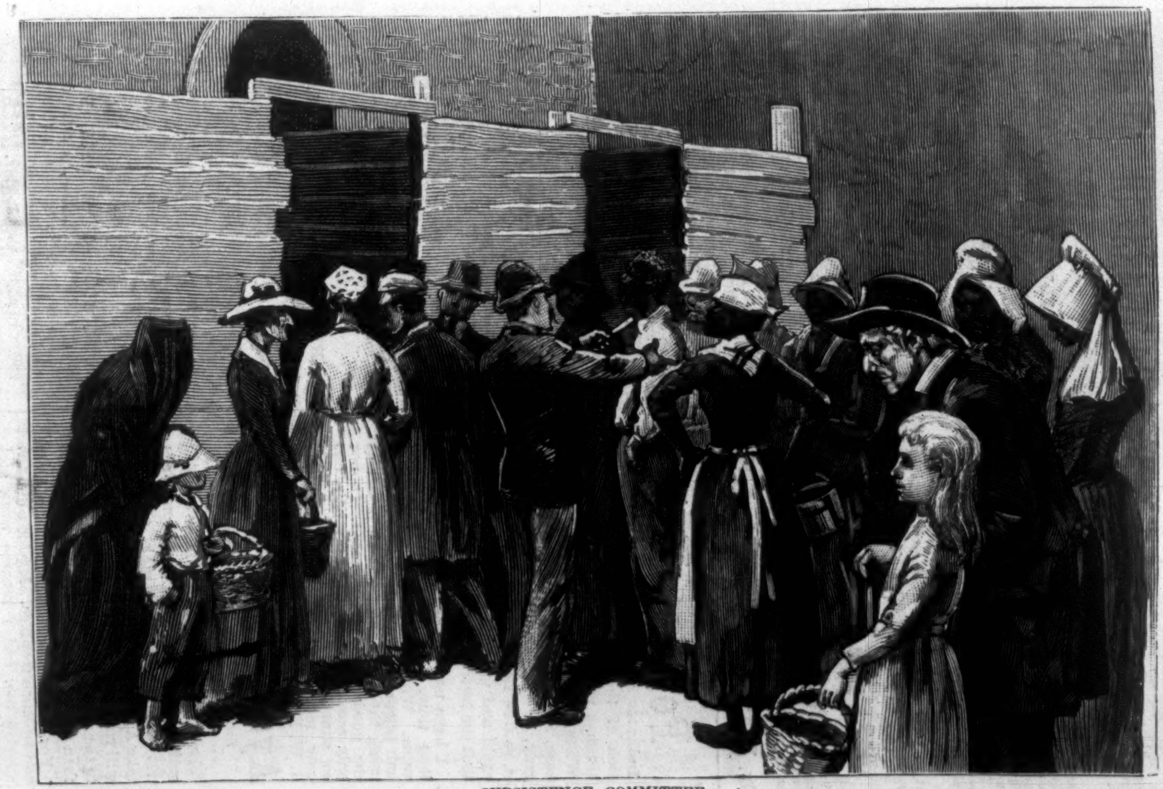

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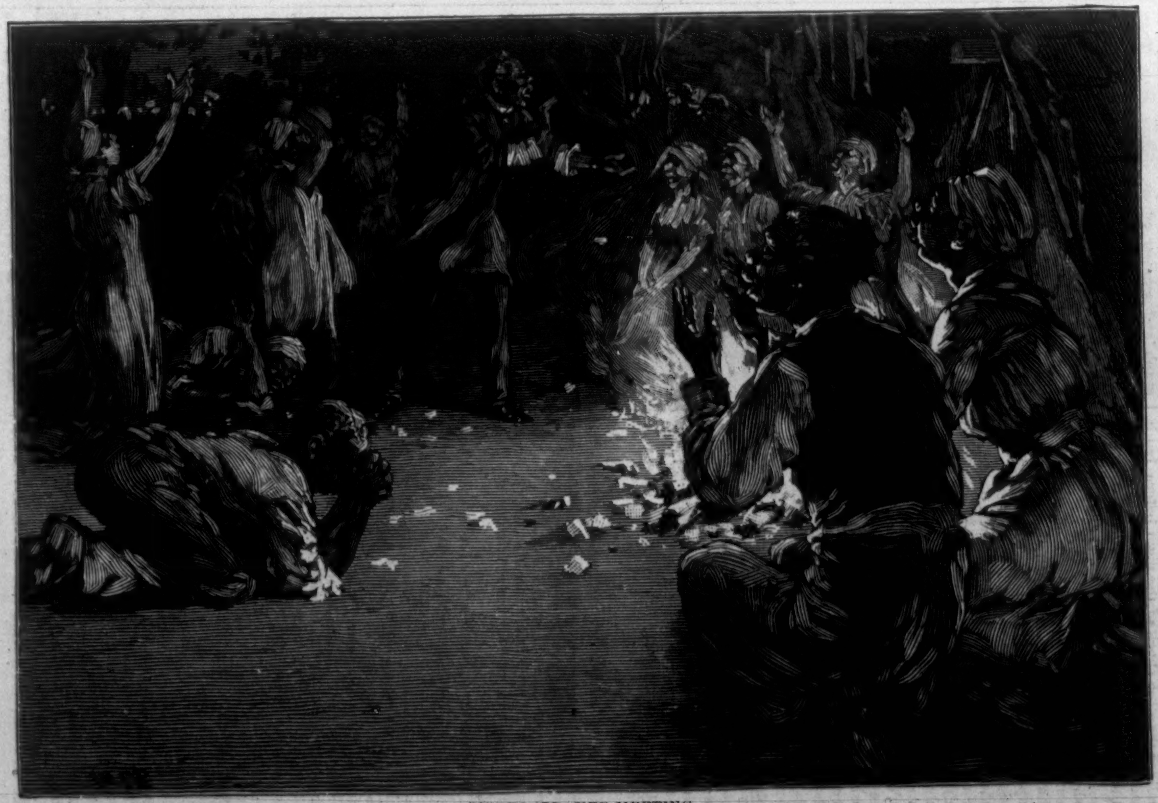

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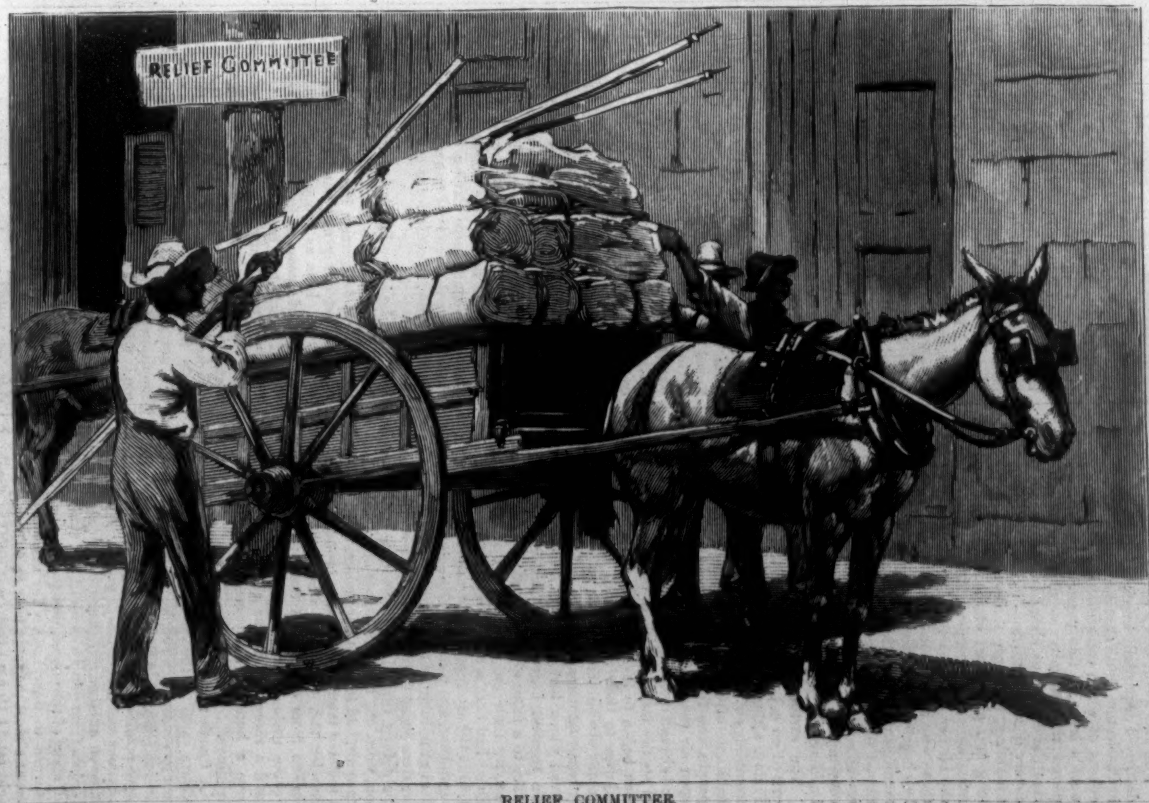
RELIEF COMMITTEE

RELIEF COMMITTEE.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers and W. P. Snyder from Sketches by Frederic Remington and A. J. Gustin.—[See Page 610.]

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.

The first awful shock of the earthquake which destroyed or partially wrecked hundreds of homes in Charleston, South Carolina—illustrations of the effects of which catastrophe were shown in last week's issue of this paper—by no means completed the calamity in that unfortunate city. Had the disastrous visitation ceased with the recovery of the earth from its first alarming fit of trembling, although there would have been a long and pitiful list of casualties and an enormous amount of property destruction to record, the history of the earthquake and its effect upon those who experienced it would have been vastly less heart-rending than it is. It was the repeated manifestations of the phenomenon, which continued for many days, that caused a general demoralization of the inhabitants more terrible to contemplate than the wrecking of a thousand buildings.

The earthquake, it will be remembered, occurred on a Tuesday evening. By the following Friday, although there were occasional small tremblings of the earth, the confidence of the inhabitants of Charleston began to return, and the people who for three nights had camped in the open air ventured once more into their cracked and shaken dwellings. Women plucked up heart to soothe and quiet their terrified children, and men began to investigate the full nature of the injuries to their homes, with a view to shoring up and strengthening weak walls and temporarily repairing damages. The unhealthy, sickening dread which had pervaded all minds and kept the stoutest hearts in a flutter began to give place to a more wholesome mental condition, and activity took the place of morbid listlessness. There had been a slight tremor of the ground at 1.30 in the afternoon, but it was comparatively insignificant, and was generally accepted as the last final grumbling of the disquieted earth in resuming a condition of stability. By eleven o'clock that night fully two-thirds of the people of Charleston, worn out by three nights of hardship in the open air, had sought their houses, when suddenly, a moment later, there came a sound like a clap of thunder, and the earth was again perceptibly shaken from one end of the city to the other. People rushed shrieking from their dwellings, amid a shower of bricks and plaster which fell from a hundred badly cracked and wrenched buildings.

A fourth night of camping in the parks and private yards of the city was imposed upon the poor terror-stricken people. Delicate women gave birth to children in the open air, and the frenzied negro population made the night horrid with lamentations and indescribable psalm-singing. Then followed another day (Saturday) of comparative freedom from earth trembling, and again at nightfall many of the people, now thoroughly worn out, returned to their houses for much-needed rest. But at almost the same hour as on the preceding night (at 11.10 P.M.) there was another shock of the apparently never-ending earthquake. It was milder than the shock of the night before, but it sufficed to drive the inhabitants once more to the open squares.

The uniformity of the hour at which the shocks of Friday and Saturday evenings occurred seemed, when discussed on Sunday, to have a reassuring effect upon the people. It appeared to be accepted as an evidence of some method in the awful phenomenon, and that in itself was a relief. As eleven o'clock on Sunday night drew near, the people waiting in the open squares were prepared for a manifestation of some sort from the uneasy earth. Nor were they disappointed, for at precisely 11.06 o'clock there came a slight rumbling and growling and a small vibration in the ground; and when it was found that no further damage had been done to the shaky walls of buildings, a number of people returned to their houses for the night. The following day (Monday the 6th inst.) brought a fresh misfortune to the people of the stricken city in the shape of a smart rain-storm, which fortunately did not continue long. Had stormy weather set in at that time, the death-rate would inevitably have been very large, for although relief was rapidly being organized throughout the country, the people of Charleston were still without anything like adequate means of shelter.

The War Department, which had been called upon immediately after the first earthquake for tents for the people, was able to furnish but few, and although many people forsook the city as soon as railroad communication with the outside world was established, there were still thousands who were unable to find decent places of shelter.

All this time the absence of one man from Charleston was bemoaned. Mayor WILLIAM A. COURTNEY, the Chief Magistrate of Charleston, who seems to possess the confidence of the people to an unusual degree, was on the steamer *Etruria* returning from Europe. He arrived in New York on the Sunday morning following the earthquake, in complete ignorance of the dreadful calamity which had befallen the city in which he lives. Telegraphic despatches awaited him at Quarantine announcing the fact that his house lay in ruins, but that all the members of his family had escaped. The Mayor arrived at Charleston on Wednesday morning the 8th inst., and to his presence was due in no small degree the immediate betterment of the condition of the people of that city, although no doubt the reassuring statement of the eminent geologist Professor McGEE that the worst was positively over, and his scientific explanation of the awful events that had gone before, had a quieting and happy effect upon the people. Briefly stated, the theory of Professor McGEE, which seems to be generally accepted as the correct one, refutes the idea that the earthquake was in any sense the result of volcanic action. It was merely an enormous landslide, which, now having adjusted itself, is very unlikely to occur again.

Mr. H. W. GRADY, the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, who interviewed the professor, puts the result in the following words: "Professor McGEE's theory of the earthquake is generally accepted. Plainly stated it is that east of the Appalachian Mountains are two great formations, the granite and the fragmental. The first extends from the mountains to about Columbia, and the latter from Columbia to the sea. The first is the Piedmont Escarpment, and the other the Coastal Plain. The escarpment is granite, the plain is made up of composite rocks and fragments resting on a granite bed about 3000 feet below. The granite bed that holds this mass of earth is inclined toward the sea, and about 100 miles from shore it dips suddenly. The tendency of the fragmental plain is to slide down the granite plain on which it rests. This tendency is increased by the deposits of sand and gravel constantly brought into the fragmental mass by the rivers that flow down from the mountains. Professor McGEE holds that a seaward slip of this coastal plain has taken place, and that the disturbance results from sudden dislocation of an area 100 miles broad and 3000 feet thick. His reasons for believing this are that such a seaward movement has been taking place steadily in the Middle Atlantic States, and its progress has been accurately noted; that no volcanic action ever disturbed anything like so great an area, nor could possibly do so; that the so-called volcanic mud and sulphurous water are simply marls and salts or sulphurets released from the layers of the earth by the tearing motion, and forced upward through suddenly made rifts; that all the phenomena of this earthquake are explicable by the theory of the landslide, but not by the volcanic theory, and that no volcanic force having operated on this continent in thousands of years, and none being apparent now, volcanic force cannot be taken as the cause."

It must be borne in mind that the earthquake began its work in the heart of the city, and that the greatest destruction has been along the line of the most costly and handsomely built thoroughfares. It is as though there had been an explosion of dynamite in Union Square, the effect of which had been felt for miles in every direction from that point. Imagine the buildings of Broadway so cracked and threatening that you would choose the middle of the street, and keep an eye on the roofs upon both sides while hurrying through the thoroughfare, and you get an idea, only on a larger scale, of the condition of Broad and Meeting streets in Charleston. Of course no repairing of so general an injury as that which overtook this South Carolina city could be begun except in some systematic manner, and so toward the close of last week, nearly ten days after the first effect of the earthquake, a committee of civil engineers was appointed to begin an examination of the condition of buildings. Their examination began first with public buildings—the post-office, telegraph and express offices, depots, etc. Then they turned their attention to factories and like structures, occupied by persons who depend for a living upon constant employment. After this they examined all dwellings which had been abandoned, and then made an examination of all dwellings and business houses in general. The result showed that the newspaper reports had not been exaggerated.

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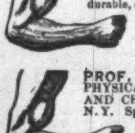

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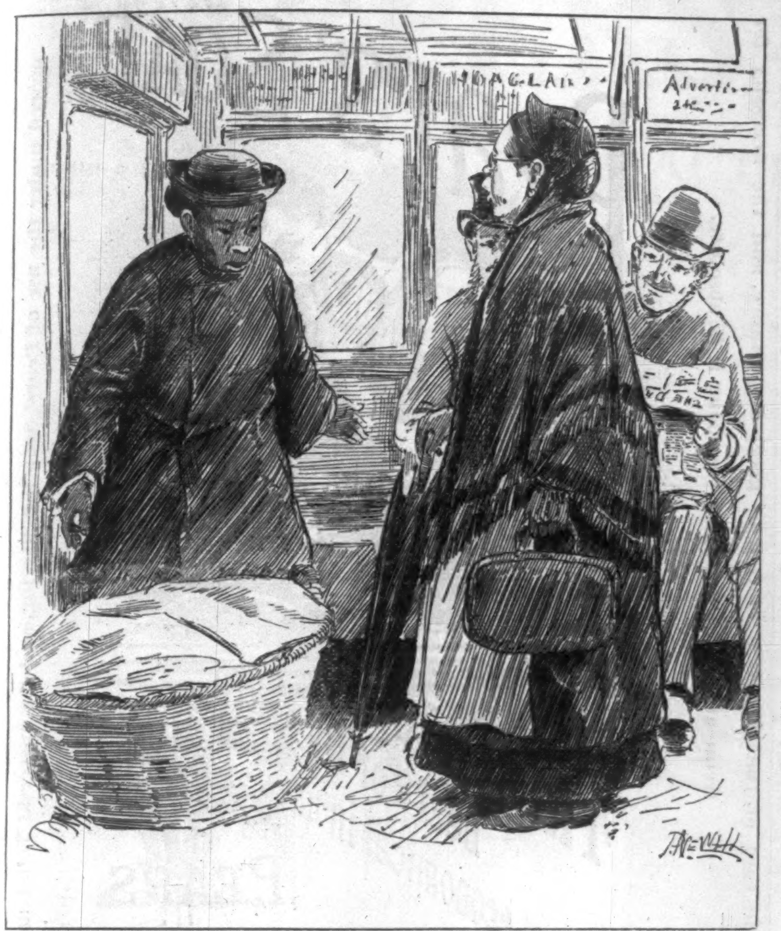

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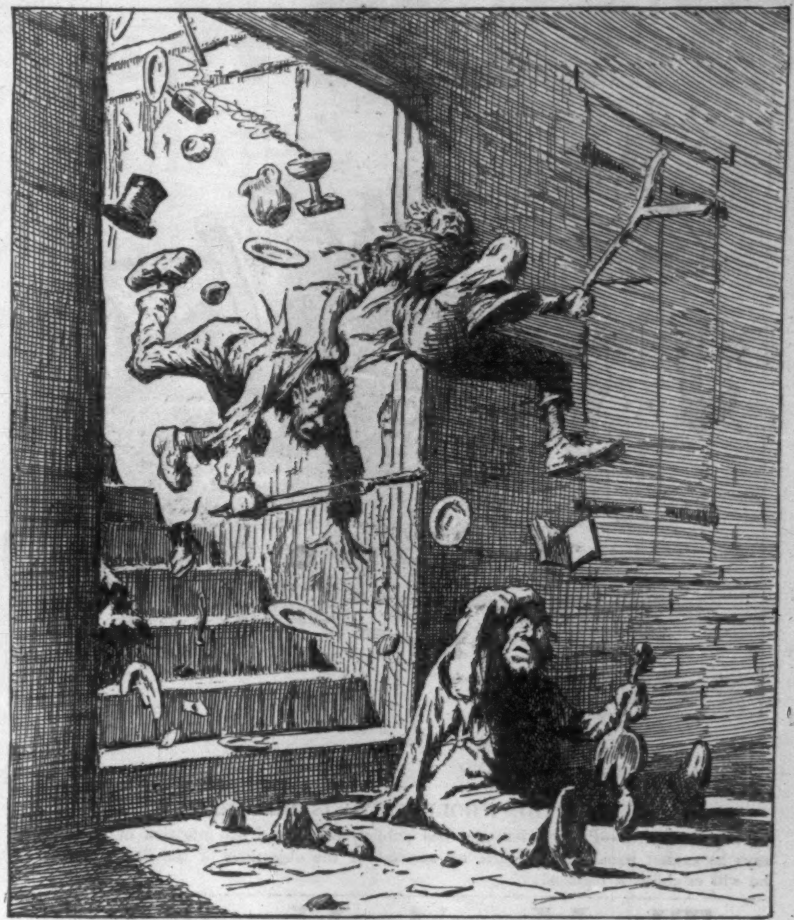

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